

THE LIVING AGE.

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Vol. CCLIII.

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A MEMORY

I pass the place where once Her steps
had passed:
A crumbling wall, a little heap of
stone.
Just as she stood, the sun upon her
cast
A shadow—and the shadow has not
gone.

I thought I could not bear to come
again
Back to this place, grief-blinded and
alone;
Yes, it has waked anew the half-lulled
pain . . .
This crumbling wall . . . this little
heap of stone.

Just as she passed here on a June's
hot day
(She held those crimson roses in her
hand),
And here we loitered from the world
away—
This little glade that seemed like
Fairyland.

"June," did I say? The snow is on
the ground
And on Her grave (twas summer
when she died).
How long ago it is since we two found
The first spring violet, kneeling side
by side!

I dare not linger; I must also pass
Far from this place, fare on my way
alone . . .
The snow has covered all the waving
grass . . .
The crumbling wall . . . the little
heap of stone.

Gwendolen Lally.

The Pall Mall Magazine.

THE FELLOWSHIP OF THE FOIL:
A TOAST.

(To Captain Hutton.)

I.

To the feel of the foil in the heel of
your hand,
To the rasp of the meeting steel,
To the click and clash of a parried
thrust,
To the joy that a man may feel

When the lithe blade slides o'er a low-
ered guard to the cry of "A hit
to you!"

To the ready foot, and the steady
hand, and the eye that's quick
and true.

Refrain.

Comrades, stand up, and drain a cup
To the best surcease from toil
Drink hand on hip to our fellowship,
The Fellowship of the Foil!

II.

To the quick-stepped lunge and re-
cover,
To the tap of the shifting feet,
To the clash and clang of the big bell-
hills
When the thrust and the parry meet.
And last, to the comrade or Master-at-
Arms who taught us to thrust
and ward,
To 'prentice and master and Deacon-
of-Craft in the Mystery of the
Sword.

Refrain.

III.
To the jacket, the mask, and the
gauntlet-glove,
To pommeil, and hilt, and blade,
To button, and guard, and fencing-
shoe,
To all the tools of our trade.
To every man who can handle a foil,
whoever, wherever he be,
A level floor, and a steady light, and
a flight from favor free.

Refrain.

James Knight-Adkins.

The Spectator.

A SONG OF THE ROAD.

I lift my cap to Beauty,
I lift my cap to Love;
I bow before my Duty,
And know that God's above!
My heart through shining arches
Of leaf and blossom goes;
My soul, triumphant, marches
Through life to life's repose.
And I, through all this glory,
Nor know nor fear my fate—
The great things are so simple,
The simple are so great!

Fred. G. Bowles.

THE CONTROL OF THE PUBLIC PURSE.

Legislation is but one of the functions which Parliament discharges. Perhaps more important still is its control of the collection and expenditure of the National revenue. It was around questions of taxation that in the past the battle of securities for good government and the liberty of the subject was fought and won. In the new field of political and social thought and action that has opened in this country, into which the Legislature is entering swayed by fresh impulses, taxation occupies a position of even greater magnitude. It is the chief bone of contention between parties. Still more does it promise to be the engine by which great changes and revolutions will be effected, or at least attempted, in the future.

The resources which our statesmen have to play with are indeed stupendous. Before a select Committee of the House of Commons which sat last year on the income tax the property of the United Kingdom was estimated at £11,500,000,000 by Mr. Chiozza Money, M.P., an able financier and author of "Riches and Poverty," and Sir Henry Primrose, Chairman of the Board of Inland Revenue, calculated that the annual income of the country was somewhere between £1,600,000,000 and £1,800,000,000. On this national property and income the State in the financial year which ended on March 31, 1907, placed the charge of £142,835,000 to defray the cost of the administration and defence of the Empire. The vast bulk of this enormous public revenue comes from the pockets of the people directly or indirectly. Of the total amount £118,010,000 was contributed by Customs and Inland Revenue, from taxes, direct or indirect, levied by Parliament, and £24,825,000 obtained from

non-tax sources, such as the Post Office and Telegraph services.

The revenue of the country is lodged by the departments charged with its collection in the Bank of England to the account of "His Majesty's Exchequer," and forms what is called "The Consolidated Fund." The chief exception to this procedure is that payments out of revenue amounting to £10,000,000, assigned by Acts of Parliament in aid of local taxation, are intercepted and sent direct to the local authorities. As the stream of revenue flows from all directions into this Fund, so out of it comes the money to meet every item of Imperial expenditure. Payments from the National Exchequer are of two kinds—namely "Consolidated Fund Services" and "Supply Services."

The first services consist of regularly recurring annual charges, that have been authorized and made permanent by Acts of Parliament, and are, therefore, issued to the Treasury without coming every year under the supervision of the House of Commons. These charges amount to over £30,000,000. As much as twenty-eight millions of this sum go to pay interest on our National Debt (which amounted last year to £788,990,187), and to create a sinking fund for its redemption. Over half a million goes to the King and Queen and other members of the Royal Family; half a million is spent on the salaries and pensions of judges and magistrates; about £339,000 on annuities and pensions for naval and military services (including perpetual annuities to the heirs of Nelson and Rodney), and for diplomatic, political and civil services; about £82,000 on existing salaries and allowances to high State functionaries—as, for instance, the £20,000

to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and £5000 to the Speaker of the House of Commons. The effect of placing these charges on the Consolidated Fund is to remove them entirely beyond the criticism of the House of Commons, it being agreed that the services they are intended to meet ought not to be liable every year to discussion, and perhaps heated and undignified criticism, in the representative Chamber.

Over the "Supply Services," or the second class of charges on the National Exchequer, the Commons exercise an annual supervision, for they must be voted by the House every year. They amounted last year to £111,076,000; and are divided into three classes—Army, Navy, and Civil Service. The Army estimates last year came to close on thirty millions sterling, the Navy estimates to over thirty-one millions, and the Civil Service estimates to close on fifty millions.

In November and December the permanent officials of the various departments are busy calculating their expenditure for the coming year. The estimates thus prepared have to be approved in each case by the political chief or Minister, whose duty it will be to get the Cabinet to assent to them and afterwards to expound and justify them in the House of Commons. But before the estimates are submitted even to the Cabinet they come under the scrutiny of the Treasury, a department which is vested with control of the other departments in the expenditure of public money. The Treasury, by all accounts, keeps a tight hold, in the interest of the taxpayer, on the strings of the public purse. I remember hearing a remarkable attack on the department by Lord Salisbury in the House of Lords during the South African War. The Prime Minister did not go so far as to transfer the blame for the deficiency in guns and stores from the War Office to the Treasury, but he inti-

mated that such was the parsimonious character of the control exercised by the Treasury over the spending departments that it led to delay in action, and consequently tended to weaken the power of the Empire in a crisis. The position was certainly curious. Here was a Prime Minister, strong-willed personally, with a harmonious Cabinet and a united Party supreme in the House of Commons, and yet on his own confession he was unable to assert his supremacy over "the system"—as he called it—of the Treasury. It seemed to indicate that the Treasury is independent of the Government, vested with a statutory or constitutional control over the public purse which enables it absolutely to disallow any item of departmental expense which may not meet with its approval, though the political chief of the department, and even the Cabinet as a whole, declare the expenditure to be essential to the national welfare. But it is impossible seriously to accept this presentation of the Treasury as a power beyond the control of the Ministry. The Treasury officially rejoices in the high-sounding title of "The Board of Commissioners for executing the office of Treasurer of the Exchequer of Great Britain, and the Lord High Treasurer of Ireland"; and its ukases to the spending departments are issued in the awe-inspiring name of "My Lords of the Treasury." But as the power behind the Board of Trade is the President, a member of the Government, so the Board of Treasury is really the Chancellor of the Exchequer—one of the chief henchmen of the Prime Minister—in the sense at least that he is the final arbiter in all things concerned with the national finance.

We may be sure that whatever authority is exercised by the Treasury in the way of criticizing, revising, and curtailing the Estimates, is inspired by the Chancellor of the Exchequer. "The

"Budget" is one of the most familiar of our Parliamentary terms. It is the comprehensive statement of the Chancellor of the Exchequer to the House of Commons usually at the end of April, dealing with the income and expenditure of the Kingdom for the ensuing twelve months. The balance-sheet of the Chancellor of the Exchequer is based as regards revenue upon the returns of the past financial year, ending March 31, and as regards expenditure upon the Estimates of the departments. His object is to present a popular Budget, which means a Budget that proposes a decrease rather than an increase in taxation. With that end in view the Treasury endeavors to check any tendency on the part of the departments to indulge in what it conceives to be unnecessary expenditure. But where the expenditure at issue involves a question of policy to which the Party in office is pledged, the Treasury's craving for economy must remain unsatisfied. It is impossible to think of the Treasury arrogating to itself a general control over the policy of the Government; or that such a preposterous claim would for one moment stand unchallenged by the Ministry.

Disraeli was prouder, it is said, of being Chancellor of the Exchequer than of being Prime Minister of England. That, however is doubtful. He showed unexpected capacity as Finance Minister, but his bizarre and romantic temperament found its completest expression in the dignity, power and influence of the Premiership. The one statesman to whom the post of Chancellor of the Exchequer had an irresistible charm was Gladstone. He told Sir Henry Taylor in 1864 that for nine or ten months of the year he was always willing to go out of office. "But," said he, "in the two or three that precede the Budget I begin to feel an itch to have the handling of it." During these two or three months the

Chancellor of the Exchequer lives, moves and has his being in an atmosphere of figures. He has to make himself acquainted with the financial conditions of the country, and the state of affairs in the wide domain of commerce. He has to consider how the money required to carry out the policy of the Administration, and to meet the working expenses of the departments, can best be provided with the least inconvenience to the taxpayer, and without detriment to trade and industry. He is in receipt of bagfuls of unsolicited advice through the post. Here, for instance, is an extract from the Budget speech of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach in 1890:

I have been the victim for the last few weeks of an extraordinary number of persons who all seem to think that the object of taxation is not to raise revenue, but to penalize their pet aversions. (Laughter.) Dogs and cats, men servants and maid servants, advertisements and grinding organs, the bicycles which are so dear to my right hon. friend the First Lord of the Treasury—(laughter)—the perambulators of which more domesticated persons know the value—(loud laughter)—have all bitter enemies in this country. One gentleman wants me to tax soap and artificial light; another suggests that if I would put a small duty on aerated waters I might make a man of the teetotaler—(laughter)—by whom I suppose he imagines that those beverages are principally consumed. (Renewed laughter.) Another gentleman tells me I might raise an enormous revenue if I would put a tax of £100 a head on every pauper alien landing in this country; and lastly, a very enticing person assures me that there must be at least 1500 individuals, gentlemen, men of birth, education, position, respected of their countrymen—not, of course, members of the House of Commons—every one of whom would gladly give £10,000 for a baronetcy—(laughter)—if I would only give them the chance. And then, on the other hand, there are those comforting prophets, all of whom have

doubtless shouted with the loudest for increased expenditure, who assure me that any kind of fresh taxation will be a screw in the coffin of her Majesty's Government. (Laughter.)

The Chancellor of the Exchequer has at the Treasury probably the strongest staff of any Minister in the Administration. He needs it. Without his staff even Gladstone would have collapsed under the attack of "Budgetitis," so enormous is the rush of business as the time approaches for the annual financial statement. It is curious to read how Lord Althorp, who was Chancellor of the Exchequer in the early 'Thirties, used to do all his Budget calculations, however complicated, alone in his closet. This system of working unaided in seclusion strikes the biographer of the noble lord as very admirable; and he contrasts with it the habit of William Pitt, who, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, used to take a Treasury clerk into his confidence. Pitt himself tells us that he never had a private secretary, as he had no duties requiring such assistance; and Macaulay flwells in wonder on the fact that he could explain a Budget without notes. Yet his first Budget in 1784 was very complicated. It dealt with as many as a hundred and thirty-three different taxes. In our times the Chancellor of the Exchequer unfolds his Budget to the House of Commons with the aid of a huge pile of typewritten documents.

In the autobiography of the eighth Duke of Argyll there is an interesting passage in which Gladstone's explanation of his first Budget to the Aberdeen Cabinet in 1853 is described.

He came into the room with a large flat, shallow, official box, very old and shabby, covered with drab-colored leather. He sat on a chair nearly fronting the window, whilst we all sat in a kind of loop around him. Opening the box on his knee, so that its lid stood upright and afforded a rest for any

paper placed upon its edge, he began a conversational exposition, which endured, without a moment's interruption, for more than three hours. Not a word of it was read, except when he had to refer to exact figures, which were accurately put down on pages of full-sized letter paper, which just fitted the box. The flow of language was uninterrupted, with just enough inflection of voice to mark the passages from mere statements of arithmetical bent to reflections upon them, or to consequent arguments and conclusions. The order was perfect in its lucidity, and the sentences as faultless as they were absolutely unhesitating.

The Budget speech in the House of Commons occupied four hours and three-quarters. "Gladstone set figures to music," some one said. "Not one of us could think for a moment of interrupting him, even to ask a question," says the Duke of Argyll, describing the scene in the Cabinet. But it is not always that the objections and doubts of Ministers in regard to the Budget are thus silenced by the magic of a great financier. Indeed, Gladstone himself declared that no Chancellor of the Exchequer should attend a Cabinet discussion on financial proposals without a letter of resignation in his pocket. Conflicts are inevitable, perhaps, between him and his colleagues in reference to the estimates. His desire is for economy. He protests that he cannot meet the claims of a colleague without imposing fresh taxation. The Minister declines to accept a reduction of the expenditure which he holds to be essential to the efficient working of his department. The difference can be settled, if it is amenable to settlement at all, only by the Prime Minister. He possesses the controlling power in the Cabinet; and in the investigation and settlement of differences between Ministers his natural desire, of course, is the stability and har-

mony of the Government. If no settlement is possible then the Chancellor of the Exchequer or the chief of the department concerned resigns. Lord Randolph Churchill fell in 1886, because he was unable with any regard for economy to sanction the estimates for the Army and Navy. The cost of these services is now so enormous that it governs the whole financial programme of the year, and yet they are deemed to be so vital to the existence of the Empire that their estimates do not come under the supervision of the Treasury until the decision of the Cabinet has first been taken upon them. In the "Life of Lord Randolph Churchill," we are told that on his return to the Treasury, after having explained his Budget to his colleagues—a Budget which was prepared but never opened in the House of Commons—the officials offered him their congratulations upon the acquiescence of the Cabinet. But he was far from confident. He had been oppressed by the silence which followed the explanation of his proposals. "They said nothing," he told Sir Reginald Welby, the Permanent Secretary, "nothing at all; but you should have seen their faces!"

"Budget Night" is awaited with intense interest throughout the kingdom. It is one of the big occasions of the House of Commons—an occasion when the House is crowded to its utmost extent and is most animated. There is much speculation beforehand in regard to the proposals of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. The departmental estimates have already been published. The state of trade is known. It can, therefore, be guessed whether the revenue of the coming year will balance the expenditure, or whether there will be a deficit—an excess of the estimated expenditure over the estimated revenue; or a surplus—an excess of the estimated revenue over the estimated expenditure. If there is a prospective

deficit the Chancellor of the Exchequer must devise means to meet it. New taxes will have to be imposed, or existing taxes augmented. If, on the other hand, there is a prospective surplus, the Chancellor of the Exchequer chooses the particular imposts to be modified or abolished. Even if expenditure and revenue are evenly balanced there is always the prospect of some re-adjustment of the public burdens—a transfer of taxation from one class of the community to another class, from some commodities to other commodities—being announced by the Chancellor of the Exchequer. And as the financial secrets of the Government are never allowed to leak out until they are disclosed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, "Budget Night" is usually, therefore, a night of surprises.

There are two Committees of the House of Commons for dealing with the national revenue and expenditure which are appointed immediately that the Address in reply to the King's Speech is voted. One is called "Committee of Ways and Means," and the other "Committee of Supply." The Committee of Ways and Means deals with the proposals of the Government for raising by loans, taxes, duties, and imposts the money required for the administration and defence of the State. In other words, it determines how the national revenue shall be raised. The Committee of Supply decides what sums shall be granted to the Crown to meet the requirements of the various State departments. In other words it settles how the national revenue is to be spent. The House, accordingly, goes into Committee of Ways and Means to hear and consider the Budget statement of the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

It is a constitutional rule that every demand for money on behalf of the Crown must originate in a resolution proposed in Committee of Ways and

Means. Therefore, when the Chancellor of the Exchequer has made his financial statement he moves a series of resolutions providing for the continuance, imposition, remission, or reduction of taxation, which are discussed by the Committee of Ways and Means, and may be amended or rejected. Even when passed by the Committee they require confirmation by Act of Parliament. To put it in another way, the resolutions agreed to in Committee of Ways and Means are embodied in a Bill, known as the Finance Bill, which has to pass through all the stages prescribed for legislative measures—second reading, Committee, and third reading, and thus the House of Commons is found, long after "Budget Night," discussing over and over again the Budget proposals on one stage or another of the Finance Bill.

Yet any new duties or increased duties on wines, spirits, beer or tobacco, proposed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, come into operation the morning after he opens his Budget in the House of Commons. That night the necessary instructions to begin levying the new duties or the increased duties forthwith, are posted to the various Customs and Excise centres throughout the Kingdom; and in order to give these proceedings an anticipatory authority the resolutions sanctioning the increased duties or the new duties are passed by the Committee of Ways and Means before the adjournment of the House on Budget Night. The imposts, however, are not legalized until the passing of the Finance Act. That alone can give them the force of law. If, therefore, a resolution to which anticipatory effect has been given is subsequently modified in the progress of the Finance Bill through the House of Commons any money collected by the Customs or Excise authorities in excess of the amount to which legislative sanction is ultimately given would have

to be refunded. Such readjustment became necessary in 1885, when the Liberal Government was defeated on the Budget of Mr. Childers, after a resolution had been agreed to increasing the beer duty; and again in 1888, Mr. Goschen being Chancellor of the Exchequer, when a proposal to impose an increased duty on all bottled wines was, before the passing of the Finance Bill, limited to sparkling wines only.

The functions of the second committee for the transaction of financial business, that is the Committee of Supply, are entirely different. It considers the estimates of expenditure presented by the Ministers. The first day the House of Commons resolves itself into Committee of Supply after the assembling of a new Parliament is marked by an interesting event. This is the election of the Chairman of Committees, an official almost as important, if much less conspicuous, than the Speaker, for he presides in Committee of Ways and Means when the Budget is opened and discussed, in Committee of Supply when the estimates are under consideration, as well as in Committee on the clauses of Bills. Since 1853 he takes the chair as Deputy-Speaker in the absence of the Speaker. The office is held, like the Speakership, until the dissolution of Parliament, and carries a salary of £2500 per annum (half that of the Speaker), but, unlike the Speakership, there is no official residence and no pension. The absence of formality in the selection of the Chairman is in striking contrast to the elaborate ceremonial associated with the installation of the Speaker.

The appointment rests, like the Speakership, with the House itself, but whereas the election to the Chair is regarded as non-political—the proposer and seconder never being Ministers or ex-Ministers—and is permanent, subject only to formal reappointment at the beginning of each new Parliament,

the office of Chairman is admittedly political or party in its character, being filled on the nomination of the Leader of the House of Commons, and terminating with the downfall or resignation of the Government. Directly the order "Supply" was read out for the first time by the Clerk, after the assembling of the present Parliament, in February 1906, the Speaker left the Chair, and Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman, the Leader of the House, simultaneously rising, said, "I move that Mr. Alfred Emmott do take the Chair." The motion was endorsed by a cheer from the Ministerial Benches, and Mr. Emmott took the chair accordingly—not the Speaker's Chair, but the place at the Table usually occupied by the Clerk, who leaves the Chamber when the House is in Committee. The Chairman has no distinctive costume. He usually wears evening dress. There is also a Deputy-Chairman appointed likewise by the Government, at the commencement of any Parliament, who in the absence of the Chairman presides in Committee, and acts also, when necessary, as Deputy-Speaker. He has a salary of £1000 a year. Moreover, for the assistance of the Chairman and Deputy-Chairman the Speaker nominates a panel of five members, men of experience selected from all parties, to act as temporary Chairmen of Committee.

In what a puzzled state of mind the stranger unacquainted with Parliamentary customs and procedure must be who is present in the gallery of the House of Commons for the first time on a night that the House is in Committee of Supply! He cranes his neck as far over the high barrier in front of him as those sharp-eyed attendants in evening dress, with gilt-chains on their breasts, will permit him, and sees—what? Well, not much more than empty benches. He is surprised to observe that the Speaker's Chair is empty.

The Mace, too, is invisible, for that emblem lies on the Table only when the whole House is sitting and the Speaker is in the Chair. A gentleman in evening dress or ordinary morning attire sits in the place of the Chief Clerk beside the Clerks-assistant. This is usually the Chairman of Committee or the Deputy Chairman, but it may be one of the temporary Chairmen, appointed for the relief of those officials from the private Members of the House. Deserted and unpicturesque is the House, indeed, on nights when the money of the taxpayers to grease the wheels of that mammoth machine, the British Empire, and provide it with steam, is being voted by the "faithful Commons"; but at any rate if the proceedings are dull they are usually practical and businesslike.

The Chairman puts each vote to the Committee in the prescribed form:—"The question is, that a sum not exceeding £29,050 be granted to his Majesty to defray the charge which will come in course of payment during the year ending the 31st day of March, 1908, for the salaries and expenses of the department of his Majesty's Secretary of State for the Colonies." On the Treasury Bench sits the Minister who represents the department for which the vote under discussion is required. By his side is a small oblong box, known as a "despatch box," filled with papers and memorandums of various kinds, to aid him in answering questions in relation to matters of administration for which he is responsible. But however efficient and industrious the Minister may be it would be impossible for him to carry in his head or in his notes all the details of the work of his department. Seated close at hand, therefore, on a bench immediately behind the Speaker's Chair are one or two of the permanent officials of his office ready to supply him with any information he may lack. A

Member rises and calls attention to some new or unexpected subject. Left to himself the Minister probably would be unable to give any definite information in regard to it. But he disappears behind the Speaker's Chair, consults for a minute or two with his official advisers and then returns to the Treasury Bench competent to cope with the matter.

It is these out-of-the-way questions on small things, perhaps, but of personal interest, rather than matters of policy, abstract and general, that contribute the element of entertainment to proceedings in Committee of Supply. Notwithstanding the changes which are being continuously made in the *personnel* of the Legislature by death, by resignation, and the ill-fortune of General Elections, there are always in the House a number of Members who delight to burrow into the three ponderous quarto volumes—each with its hundreds of pages crammed with figures—issued every year, containing the estimates for the Army, Navy and Civil Service respectively; and passing by items of expenditure millions in amount, call attention, in Committee of Supply, to insignificant, but none the less interesting, demands on the public purse. The votes for the Civil Service afford the most opportunities for the display of this sort of futile industry and pitiless economy.

For instance, when the Chairman informs the Committee in the usual form that a sum not exceeding £17,062 be granted to his Majesty for the maintenance and repair of the palaces in the personal occupation of his Majesty, a Member may rise and ask the President of the Board of Works, to whose department this vote belongs, why it is the ancient office of ratcatcher to the royal palaces is not abolished. The abolition of the office would mean a saving of only £18 a year to the State, £8 being paid to the ratcatcher of Buck-

ingham Palace, and £10 to the ratcatcher of Windsor Palace, but I have seen this question debated for hours with the greatest interest, not to say excitement, by Radical Members when a Unionist Government was in office.

"This House," one of the Standing Orders declares, "will receive no petition for any sum relating to public service, or proceed upon any motion for a grant or charge upon the public revenue, whether payable out of the Consolidated Fund or out of money to be provided by Parliament unless recommended from the Crown." In other words, the House of Commons can make no money grant except on the initiative of a responsible Minister of the Crown, in which, of course, is involved the sanction of the Cabinet. It follows from the principle embodied in this Standing Order that unofficial Members are precluded from proposing the increase of any of the estimates in Committee of Supply. This restriction on the privileges of Members of Parliament provides a salutary check to extravagance, and places a decisive bar to the demands of constituents for administrative action or legislation at the public expense. But if a Member cannot move to increase a vote he may propose to reduce it. A motion to reduce a vote by a nominal sum is a common thing in Committee of Supply; and it is done for the purpose of giving an additional emphasis to a complaint against the Minister of the department—whose salary is covered by the vote—on account of some question of administration. Committee of Supply, therefore, affords to the representatives of the people opportunities for calling attention to abuses and demanding the redress of grievances. In olden times, when the entire executive authority was vested in the King, when Ministers were appointed by him and responsible to him alone, the representatives of the people in Parliament insisted upon sat-

satisfaction for grievances before voting the tax the King demanded, and now that executive and administrative authority is controlled by Ministers, all complaints and remonstrances in regard to wrongs and grievances are addressed to them in Committee of Supply. There is no doubt that the anticipation of criticism in Committee of Supply exercises a wholesome control over the executive Government, and secures honest and pure administration in the various departments of the State.

If the motion for the reduction of the vote is pressed to a division, as it frequently is when the Members who support it are dissatisfied with the explanation of the Minister, it is, of course, opposed by the followers of the Government and is usually rejected. The estimates are as much a part of the political policy of the Government as the Bills they introduce. Therefore, if a motion for the reduction of a vote or the reduction of the salary of a Minister were carried, it would mean disapproval of the policy covered by the vote, or imply discontent with the administration of the Minister; and as the responsibility of the Government is collective and not individual, a hostile motion would bring about, not so much the downfall of the Minister specially attacked, but the resignation of the entire Cabinet.

It used to be the custom to take supply intermittently during the Session. But in 1895 new Standing Orders were adopted on the motion of Mr. Balfour, then Leader of the House, by which twenty days were allotted for the consideration of Supply, with three additional days at the option of the Minister. When the debate on the King's Speech has concluded Supply is set down as the first "Order of the Day" on every Thursday, the order in which the votes are taken being arranged by the Whips of the various parties. It was intended by this regular progress of

Supply to afford weekly opportunities throughout the Session for the criticism of questions of public policy. But by the operation of the closure under these Standing Orders enormous sums of money are voted by the House for purposes in regard to which Members are unable to offer any criticism. At 10 o'clock on the last but one of the allotted days, the Chairman proceeds to put all the outstanding votes without discussion; and on the same hour on the following night the reports of the votes are disposed of in the same summary fashion. Under the operation of the closure in the Session of 1906 votes undiscussed to the amount of fifteen millions were carried. In 1905 the amount was fifty millions, and in 1904, twenty-eight millions.

It has become an accepted maxim of the Constitution that the House of Lords is precluded from originating and even from amending a Money Bill. Originally the Lords exercised, co-ordinately with the Commons, the little power that was vested in the Parliament over the national revenue in the days of absolute Monarchy. The King's revenue was supplied by the rents of the Crown lands, and the proceeds of certain duties, which were settled on him for life, and he governed the Realm with as little regard as possible for the opinions of Parliament. It was only when this personal revenue was insufficient for his needs that the King stooped to ask the Parliament to make good the deficiency. But with the growing control of the Parliament over taxation and expenditure, the Commons began to regard the interference of the Lords in money matters with increasing jealousy and resentment. The struggles between the two Houses for the control of finance reached a crisis in 1677 over a Supply Bill, by which money was to be raised for building ships of war. The Peers made amendments in the Bill, and with these the

Commons disagreed, upon the ground "that the Grant of all Aids to the King is by the Commons, and that the Terms, Conditions, Limitations, and Qualifications of such Grants have been made by the Commons only." The Lords, on the plea of the necessities of the public service, gave way, though they passed a resolution declaring that their right to amend Money Bills could not be questioned. The next year when another Supply Bill was sent up by the Commons the Lord Chancellor declared that to yield their right to amend it would be to "give up the greatest share of the Legislature to the Commons, and by consequences the chief power of judging what laws are best for the Kingdom." The Lords accordingly amended the Supply Bill, and as they resolutely refused to yield, this time, the measure had for the Session to be dropped. It was at this juncture that the Commons passed on July 3, 1678, the following historic resolution:—

That all Aids and Supplies, and Aids to his Majesty in Parliament, are the sole gift of the Commons; and all Bills for the Granting of any such Aids and Supplies ought to begin with the Commons; and that it is the undoubted and sole right of the Commons to direct, limit, and appoint in such Bills the Ends, Purposes, Considerations, Conditions, Limitations, and Qualifications for such Grants, which ought not to be changed or altered by the House of Lords.

The House of Lords for a long time stubbornly opposed these claims of the Commons. More than a quarter of a century later, in the reign of Queen Anne they protested that the Commons were constantly trying to "break in upon the Lords' share in the Legislature," and formally affirmed "that neither House of Parliament hath any power by any Vote or Declaration, to create to themselves any new Privilege

that is not warranted by the Known Laws and Customs of Parliament." But the growing power of the Commons enabled them to assert their exclusive right to determine the matter, the measure and the time of every tax imposed upon the people. This right has never been theoretically established by legislation. It has never even been formally admitted by the Lords. It is based on the principle now universally acknowledged that no man should be taxed except by his own consent, or in other words that taxation and representation should go together, and the Lords have bowed to it at least to the extent of giving to the denial by the Commons of any power in them to initiate or alter proposals of taxation or expenditure a tacit admission, or the acquiescence of silence. Yet it is a curious fact that the Commons are unable to grant a farthing of these "aids and supplies" to the Crown, which, they say, is their "sole and entire gift" without the concurrence of the Peers. All proposals involving the raising or spending of public money can originate only with the Commons. Should a Bill which entails a charge on the public purse be first introduced in the Lords, the financial clause appears like a pale shadow in italics, to convey that it forms no part of the Bill as it passed the Lords, but is offered merely as a suggestion for the acceptance of the representative Chamber, whose assent alone can give it vitality. But the taxing or expending proposals of the Commons must, nevertheless, be clothed with the form of law. Accordingly, these proposals are embodied in a Bill which after it has passed through the House of Commons is sent to the House of Lords. This Money Bill the Lords have now no power to alter or amend. But the Lords, no more than the Commons, can be taxed without their consent. They may, consequently, reject a Money Bill.

The last collision between the hereditary and the elective Chambers in regard to a Money Bill occurred in 1860. Gladstone was Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Palmerston was Prime Minister. Part of the Budget proposals was the abolition of the duty on paper which yielded the Revenue the sum of £1,200,000 a year, and made the morning journal a luxury at threepence or sixpence a copy. The repeal of the paper duty was not, however, included in the Budget Bill, but was embodied in a separate measure, and so strong was the feeling against it, because the loss to the revenue would have to be met by the imposition of other taxes, the third reading of the Bill was carried only by the narrow majority of nine. The strange fact that the Prime Minister was personally opposed to this Bill, introduced by his own Chancellor of the Exchequer, was subsequently disclosed. Palmerston in his letter sent as Leader of the House to Queen Victoria that night, dwelt on the small majority by which the Bill had been passed, and went on to say: "This may probably encourage the House of Lords to throw out the Bill when it comes to their House, and Viscount Palmerston is bound to say that if they do so they will perform a good public service. Circumstances have greatly changed since the measure was agreed to by the Cabinet, and although it would undoubtedly have been difficult for the Government to have given up the Bill, yet if Parliament were to reject it the Government might well submit to so welcome a defeat." The Lords did exactly as Palmerston anticipated and evidently desired—they threw out the Bill. In the following year, however, Gladstone adopted a method which practically compelled the Lords to accept the repeal of the paper duties. As I have said the Lords have no power of amending a Money Bill. All they can do is to reject it. In 1861 Gladstone com-

bined the repeal of the paper duties with all the other proposals of the Budget in a single Bill, and the Lords did not care to face the responsibility of throwing out the whole Budget on account of a single obnoxious part.

Among the guarantees provided by the working of our political institutions against unjust taxation, extravagant expenditure and corrupt financial administration, are the passing of three Acts of Parliament through both Houses of the Legislature. The first is the Finance Act, containing the taxes and duties for raising the revenue to defray the Imperial expenses. The second is the Consolidated Fund Act, authorizing the application of sums of money out of the Consolidated Fund necessary for the services of the year. The passing of the third measure, the Appropriation Act, at the end of each Session is the consummation of the control which Parliament exercises over the public expenditure. In this Act are embodied all the votes passed in Committee of Supply, and its purpose is to ensure that the votes are applied strictly to the purposes for which they were granted by Parliament.

It is a very elaborate procedure. Nevertheless it can hardly be said there is a thoroughly searching supervision of departmental expenditure by the House of Commons. Indeed, that would perhaps be impossible in the circumstances of Parliamentary life. The criticism of the votes in Committee of Supply is mainly directed to the ventilation of grievances and to opposing the policy of the Government, so far as it finds expression in administration. Beyond this, Members are content with asking for fuller information with respect to other items of expenditure. That vigilant control and scrutiny which are necessary to prevent the misappropriation or misapplication of public funds are supplied by means extra-parliamentary. The supreme guar-

dianship of the public purse reposes in the Comptroller and Auditor-General, the head of the Exchequer and Audit Department. He is a permanent official appointed by Letters Patent, independent of the executive Government, and removed from office only by a joint address from both Houses of the Legislature. It is his duty to see that the national revenue is appropriated strictly to the purposes authorized by Parliament. Supply is voted, as we have seen, by the House of Commons, as a grant to the King. "Gentlemen of the House of Commons," says his Majesty, in the Speech from the Throne at the end of each Session, "I thank you for the liberality with which you have made provision for the services of the year." The King then places Supply at the disposal of the Exchequer by warrant under the Sign Manual. The money, as we know, is in the custody of the Bank of England. Under the authority of the "Supply resolutions" of the House of Commons, the Comptroller and Auditor-General grants to the Treasury a general credit on the Exchequer Account at the Bank of England. The Treasury does not pay over to the various departments the sums voted for their services by Parliament. In fact the money does not reach the departments at all through the Treasury. Armed with the warrants issued by the Comptroller and Auditor-General, the Treasury, as the money is required, directs the Bank of England to place the sums to the account of the Paymaster-General, an unpaid Member of the Administration, who acts as the banker of the departments, and these transfers are immediately communicated to the Comptroller and Auditor-General. Payments are made by the Paymaster-General only against orders issued upon him by the departments. These orders are like bank cheques, and the books of the Paymaster-General are kept in the

same manner as those of a banker—that is, each department is credited with the amounts received on its account from the Treasury, and is debited with the various sums paid on the orders or cheques it issues.

The spending power of each department is limited during the financial year to the amount voted for its service. If the money should prove insufficient, owing to a miscalculation in the estimated expenditure, the Treasury can raise the amount necessary to cover the deficit by the issue of bills on the security of the Exchequer, which are subsequently redeemed by means of supplementary Estimates, which must be presented to Parliament before the close of the financial year on March 31. On the other hand, should a department spend less than the amount voted for its service, the unexpended balance has to be returned to the Exchequer at the close of the financial year; into which each department has also to pay any amount it may have received from any source other than its "vote," as, for instance, the proceeds of the sale of old stores.

The amount of taxation each year being calculated to provide for the expenditure of that year and no more, it may be asked how new and unforeseen demands on the public purse are met. Has the Executive to wait for another year to get the money from Parliament? One permanent reserve fund has been created to meet expenses indispensably necessary to the public service, but provision for which has not otherwise been made. The "Civil Contingencies Fund," consisting of £120,000, is placed permanently at the disposal of the Government to meet unexpected public services at home and abroad. This is the only action on the part of the State to set aside funds to meet the "rainy day" mentioned in the proverb. Among the items included in the "Accounts relating to the Civil Con-

tingencies Fund, 1905-1906," are the following:—Expenditure incurred in connection with the visit of the King of Spain, £6260 9s.; and in connection with the visit of the King of the Hellenes, £6397 1s. 1d.; customary allowance for outfit to the Right Hon. J. W. Lowther, M.P., on his appointment as Speaker, £1000; equipage money of Lord Loreburn on his appointment as Lord Chancellor, £1843 13s.; equipage money of the Earl of Aberdeen, on his appointment as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, £220. These miscellaneous advances to the Treasury are submitted to the House of Commons in one general vote for repayments to the Civil Contingencies Fund towards the close of each Session.

The Comptroller and Auditor-General not only controls the passing of the moneys voted by Parliament to the various public departments; but also examines the vouchers and audits the accounts of the entire expenditure, and reports on it to Parliament. But there is a further provision for real and ef-

fective financial control by Parliament. Lest the supervision of the Exchequer and Audit Department should not be sufficient, every Session the House of Commons appoints a Public Accounts Committee, consisting of experienced business men, and men of weight and authority on finance, whose duty it is to audit the Audit Department. They closely scrutinize the reports of the Comptroller and Auditor-General, and the accounts in which each of the spending departments shows what it has done with the money entrusted to it; and their reports to the House of Commons are noted for independence of view and judgment absolutely uninfluenced by party considerations. The system by which the public funds of the Realm are administered is, indeed, beyond suspicion. Peculation is impossible. Every penny of the money is spent on the purpose for which it is voted by Parliament. The point of importance after all—the vital point for the community—is the purpose.

Michael MacDonagh.

The Monthly Review.

THE ARAB IN ARCHITECTURE.

Arab architecture is the best presentation of Arab character that remains to us. No historical evidence can furnish forth to the understanding a likeness of the man so expressive as this architecture offers to the eye. Yet its significance is apt to be overlooked, and overlooked always for the same reason. Between all the books dealing, wholly or in part, with Arab and Moorish art which have passed through my hands during the last year, there exists, under all differences of treatment and style, one fundamental resemblance. They all regard Arab architecture from the same, namely from the *emotional*, standpoint. They all, that is to say,

treat it not as a subject possessing a definite meaning, and capable of rational explanation, but as an opportunity for indulging in those sentimental and poetic feelings in which it is always so pleasant to indulge. The Arab himself, more than any figure in all history, is steeped in romance and sentiment, and his curious fantastic architecture, embodying as it does the same qualities, addresses itself naturally to the emotional and sentimental faculties in each one of us. Its fascinating associations, its strange and unfamiliar aspect, its forlornness and desolation, its gardens, nightingales and orange blossom incite us perpetually

to poetry and tears. "Ah, I forgot the city," cries Mr. Hutton on entering the Mosque at Cordova, "I forgot the desolation, I forgot the dust that seems to have crumbled from innumerable desolations as I wandered in that holy and secret place; I lost myself in a new contemplation; I kissed the old voluptuous marbles; I touched the strange precious inscriptions, and with my finger I traced the name of God." This is the temper, emotional rather than rational, in which the examination of Arab architecture is usually conducted, and what I wish to point out is that, however effective the result may be from the literary point of view, such a treatment ignores altogether one very powerful source of interest which Arab architecture possesses; the interest, I mean, which belongs to it as an interpretation, quite literal, exact and reliable, of Arab character. In its eager inventiveness, in the capricious changes, complications and inflections of its designs, in its impulsive energy, and above all in its inherent weakness and instability, there is depicted in this style, if we would but coolly and rationally examine it, a visible representation of the Arab as we know him in history, or as he is to be met with to-day in the flesh in those deserts to which the progress of more stable races has once again relegated him. The stamp and impress taken of him by these eccentric arches and purposeless entanglements of tracery are the stamp and impress which he gave to all his undertakings. His impetuous yet ill-sustained campaigns have this character; his so-called civilization, so imposing yet so fugitive, has it; all his thoughtful and intellectual achievements, informed with vague visions and transcendental guesses, have it; above all the man himself, full of fiery, short-lived and contradictory impulses, is the incarnation of it.

Let us specify if we can the living characteristics of the race before we attempt to trace their likeness in stone. They should not be difficult to seize. From the moment of the Arab's first appearance on the world's stage we are conscious of a new force acting on human affairs. The old stock of warring ideals which throughout the East and West, among the attackers and defenders of classicalism, had given rise to fluctuations of regular recurrence and similar character, was with the coming of the Arab suddenly modified by the addition of a hitherto unknown ingredient, the effect of which was instantaneous. As a dash of petroleum stimulates an unwilling fire, so the Arab ardor fanned to a blaze the general conflagration which was consuming the old order of things. Destruction, the clearing of the ground for a new growth, was the main purpose of that age, and as a destructive agent the Arab was without a peer. That terrific energy of his, so furiously rapid in its progress, so irresistible in its attack, so blasting in its effects, is comparable only to the light and glancing motions of tongues of flame. But yet, on the other hand, if the Arab energy is like fire swift and irresistible, it is like fire fickle. In all affairs of whatever kind in which the Arab has been concerned fickleness equally with energy plays its part. One is constantly reminded, in dealing with him, or noting his behavior in history, of the lack in him of that faculty of solid reason which lends such unmistakable coherence and continuity to the designs of the Western nations. In manners and customs, in likes and dislikes, in all he does and leaves undone, in his very mien and gait, the glance of his eye and the tone of his voice, the fact that the Arab is governed by passion rather than by reason is unmistakably revealed. In ordinary intercourse this emotional tendency

lends to his actions something incalculable and unexpected, since it is impossible to foresee what his conduct will be under any given circumstances, or what whim or sudden impulse may divert his course or hurry him in a moment from one point of view to another. Hence that agreement and co-operation which prevail among people who are guided by reason never are and never have been possible for any length of time among the Arabs, for where all action is a matter of sentimental impulse and the emotion of the moment, it is impossible to guarantee that any two men will judge alike, or indeed that any one man will judge to-day as he judged yesterday or will judge to-morrow. In short, emotion as a motive power, while it ensures tremendous energy and suddenness and swiftness of action, is sure to result also in such action being discontinuous and spasmodic, liable to die out suddenly or change at a moment's notice to another direction. As the reader knows, every enterprise set on foot among the desert tribes is still invariably based on appeals to passion and fanaticism, rather than on any reasonable or definable policy, and the resulting outbreak is always as short-lived and ill-directed as it is violent and unexpected. Its energy and impotence alike mark it as the effect of passion rather than reason.

But the same characteristics have distinguished Arab action in all ages. Their first furious eruption was exactly similar in character to any desert rising of to-day, the apparent difference existing solely in the surroundings. The Arab of the present, less happily circumstanced than the Arab of the seventh or eighth century, has to encounter in his adversaries just that capacity for combining and co-operating which is characteristic of a civilization founded on the rational faculty and which he has himself always so sig-

nally lacked. Against an opposition of this kind he is powerless, he cannot operate, he cuts no figure at all; you would scarcely take him for the same man as he who, with the world a darkened stage seemingly prepared for him, displayed his peculiar talents upon it to such terrible advantage thirteen hundred years ago. And yet apart from circumstances, our Arab of thirteen hundred years ago was the Arab of to-day. Among the vague accounts which have come down to us of his earliest campaigns we shall look in vain for any reasoned scheme of operations, any definable strategy, even any knowledge of the degree of desirability and probable powers of resistance of the various countries attacked. All was guesswork. All was left to chance and the blind dictates of a vague enthusiasm. The warlike operations of the Arabs in no way resemble the tactics of regular armies. Supplies, transport, equipment, a military base, lines of communication, all these factors in a steady and organized advance are wanting in their evolutions. Composed entirely of cavalry and unencumbered with provisions and baggage, the swiftness of the Saracen advance almost baffles observation. The progress of Kaled through Syria, of Okba through Africa, of Tarik through Spain suggests the passage of a whirlwind rather than the march of armies. But the secret of this swiftness is to be sought not so much in the fact that the Arabs marched light and were all well mounted, but rather in those peculiarities of temperament which urged them to use these means of speed with such furious ardor. These extraordinary campaigns are enlivened by, or indeed made up of, incidents which constantly testify to the emotional and fiery nature of the race. Personal deeds of romantic daring take the place of strategical dispositions, and each separate Moslem appears like a missile loosed

from the desert and charged with an inward momentum which irresistibly drives him on. Small wonder that armies thus composed, whether heading for the Atlantic or the frontiers of China, should always be at the full gallop.

And, second to this furious energy which is the first trait noticeable in the Arab attack, there is discernible a haunting element of weakness and instability. These eager cavaliers rarely drive their attack straight home, but wheel and hover round their perplexed enemy until accident or ill-discipline opens an opportunity. Formidable as their *élan* is, and terribly effective as it proved in the circumstances under which the Arab invasions were conducted, we can easily believe that Gibbon was right when he suggested that "the empire of Trajan, or even of Constantine or Charlemagne would have repelled the assault of the naked Saracens, and the torrent of fanaticism might have been obscurely lost in the sands of Arabia." It will be found, I think, that during the crusades and the Sicilian and Spanish Campaigns, though the European forces often suffered heavily through their own rashness, or the unaccustomed conditions of climate and country, yet they seldom failed, even when heavily outnumbered, to get the best of it in fair fighting. Twenty to one, the odds allowed by Count Roger, might no doubt be an excessive disparity; but I imagine, when once the sense of nationality had developed in them, that a Frenchman, a Spaniard, or an Englishman in a hand-to-hand struggle was always worth at least four or five Saracens.

The truth is, and ultimately Arab history is a proof of it, that passion, however furious, is strong only in appearance. The qualities that make an army really formidable are in the main rational qualities. What gives confidence to every soldier of a civilized

army is his certainty that though he is ignorant of the plan of operations, yet such a plan does in fact exist and does dictate every manœuvre. Whatever, therefore, the aspect of affairs in his own part of the field may be, his instinct is, at all hazards, to obey orders and carry out his own immediate instructions. It is this rational subordination to rational control which makes a civilized force well nigh irresistible. Discipline, cohesion, tenacity, the power of concerted action, these are the great qualities that spring from the rule of reason. It was the lack of these qualities among the passion-tossed hosts of the Arabs which was to prove their undoing. Gradually as the Western nations emerged out of barbarism and achieved the beginnings of unity, they put on the warlike strength proper to a reasoning people; and no sooner did they begin to develop this strength, no sooner did reason and intellect begin to show themselves in the discipline and direction of armies, than the Saracen resistance yielded before them. Decade by decade the strength of Europe increased. Science introduced a new and terrible efficiency in armament, but one which cannot logically be separated from the men who wield it, for it is indeed a part of them, a part of that power of thinking which is their racial characteristic and which manifested itself in ordered ranks and a logical plan of campaign before it went on to manifest itself in magazine rifles and quick-firing guns. For these developments, however, Arab discomfiture did not wait. The race maintained its conquests only so long as it was opposed by feebleness and confusion. In the East it was struck down by the Turk, while in the West the slow consolidation of the Goths drove it steadily southward and the final union of the States of Castile and Aragon rid Spain finally of its presence.

What, then, we learn to distinguish

as the chief characteristics of Arab valor, from their rapid conquests and rapid decline, is firstly an intense excitability, a temperament in the highest degree nervous, passionate and headstrong, expressing itself in movements of headlong speed and furious bursts of energy; and, secondly, under all this fire and fury, a perpetual weakness and lack of tenacity and endurance, due to the lack of rational cohesion in them, which so wrought that nothing done by them was ever continuous or firmly established, but that all their designs partook of the character of whims and blind impulses.

But if this is a true reading of the Arab in war, it will be true of him in other things also. And so I think it is. His whole civilization may be taken as a further illustration of it. If that civilization rose and expanded with the rapidity of all Arab designs, its abrupt and entire disappearance was not less characteristic. Has the reader ever passed by the scene of an overnight's display of fireworks and noted the few relics—a rocket-stick or two, the core of a Catherine wheel, a burnt-out cracker—which are all that remain of so brief a glory? Such was the legacy, as such had been the brilliance of the display, given by the Arabs. It is a habit at present to magnify the importance of those odds and ends of knowledge which we have succeeded in disengaging from their motley accumulation of facts and fancies. We need not here, however, examine the doubtful catalogue. It is enough to point out that whatever hints and suggestions we may have utilized or adopted, the gap between the Arab as thinker and the European as thinker has remained. Mentally and intellectually we have always been strangers; and this estrangement has increased and become absolute since the day when the West awoke to the consciousness of its own powers and its own mis-

sion in the world. At the time of the Renaissance, Arab knowledge and scholarship, Arab art and poetry, had illumined and beautified the world for some seven centuries; yet when the awakened mind of Europe turned to its own task and sought about for such stimulus and co-operation as might be available, all this culture and knowledge were as wholly ignored as though they had never existed. I do not believe that in Symonds's history of the causes which led to the Renaissance the learning of the Arabs is so much as mentioned. I do not remember that in Pater's subtle analysis of the currents of thought and feeling blended in Renaissance culture, the Arab influence is even distinguished. The mind of Europe turned back to and claimed kinship with the minds of the thinkers and poets and artists of Greece and Rome. The line of descent of ideas and intellectual sympathy then recognized has ever since been adhered to, and the consequence is that the whole Arab episode has dropped out of the life of Europe in the same way that a dream or momentary hallucination drops out of personal recollection.

And if we question more closely why this total separation took place, and what there was so incompatible in essence between Arab and European thought, the answer is easily forthcoming. What Europe awoke to at the Renaissance was the value of intellectual culture, the value of thought and reason. She went forward on these lines; and the chief characteristic of the civilization which has ensued has been that rational quality in it which, whatever else it may have done, has secured for it coherence and durability. But every step taken in this direction was a step away from the Arabs. Their mental activity never was of this kind. It was not indeed activity of the intellect so much as activity of the fancy and imagination, and although

it blossomed with incredible swiftness into many imposing results, yet these were all infected from the beginning with the instability of half-fanciful creations. "Whatever real knowledge they possessed" is the conclusion of so sympathetic a critic as Prescott, "was corrupted by their inveterate propensity for mystical and occult science. They too often exhausted both health and fortune in fruitless researches after the elixir of life and the philosopher's stone. Their medical prescriptions were regulated by the aspect of the stars. Their physics were debased by magic; their chemistry degenerated into alchemy, their astronomy into astrology."

If the reader will compare these eager but ill-sustained conquests in the realms of knowledge with those conquests in warfare which we were just now considering, he will perceive their identity of character. Both are marked by the same curious combination of those apparently irreconcilable qualities, energy and instability. Both, by their ostentation and the dazzling show they make, tempt the historian to eloquent panegyrics, and both leave him in the long run puzzled and fumbling about for tangible results. Mingled together and fused into one, these attributes form the basis of the Arab temperament, and, welling out into all his actions and creations, stamp them with the same unique character. Never will the reader, when once he has learnt to recognize that feebly emphatic manner, mistake its author. Let him look for the blind emotional impulse, for the signs of furious haste and impetuosity which arise from such a motive; and at the same time let him look for the weakness and instability which result from the lack of clear thinking and reasoning; and wherever these traces appear, whether in action, in science, or in art, he may be sure the Arab has passed that way.

With this clue in our hands we shall not find it difficult to interpret Arab architecture. "The Arabs themselves," Fergusson tells us, "had no architecture properly so called," and it is true that in each country they invaded and thereafter settled in, they made of the architecture there existing a basis for their own style of building. That is to say, they proceeded by altering existing forms rather than by evolving a homogeneous and consistent style of their own. Yet these alterations of the Arabs, though diverse in effect and resulting in totally different forms in different parts of the Empire, are always curiously similar in character. From the very first, from the earliest days of Arab construction, their object, and the only thing in which they were consistent, was the breaking up and dislocation of the old-established structural features. These features, the plain and massive round arch and vault and the equally plain and massive lintel and entablature, constituted the essentials of the two great families of arcuated and trabeated architecture, and with regard to both of these the main idea they express, or, perhaps, I may better put it, the sensation with which they are both impregnated and which they convey to the onlooker, is the sensation of strength, a strength, however, certainly not energetic, but full rather of quietude and a calm stability. This feeling is strongest no doubt in the lintel, but it is very strong also in the semicircular arch and vault, and it was in the latter guise that the Arabs had most to do with it. From the outset they could not abide it; indeed, I know of no more convincing testimony to the innate significance of form than this meeting between all that was most serene in architecture and most fiery and impulsive in human nature, and the instant fury of recognition which ensued. Not for a moment were the Arabs in doubt on this head.

Perfectly conscious as they were of their own ignorance in matters of art, and eager to adopt the knowledge of others, with a natural antipathy, moreover, to the arduous processes of architecture, and unwilling on principle to build for themselves when they could get any one else to build for them, they yet, in regard to those structural features held hitherto in universal honor, would make no terms and listen to no suggestions. Towards all established and organic forms they had the instinctive animosity of the ordained iconoclast, the appointed destroyer. The impulse to take to pieces and disintegrate, to bite upon solids like a corrosive acid, was paramount in them. This being so, the firmly wrought vaults and arches of the Romanesque and Byzantine style were naturally repugnant to every Arab feeling, and with instantly aroused enmity they threw themselves upon those features and broke them up and dislocated them. The result is without parallel in the history of architecture. Those solid and serene forms, in their grave march through the centuries, seem, as they enter on the Arab epoch, to be seized upon by a force of an unprecedented kind, under the attack of which they buckle and bend in all directions like a child's toys. The prestige of the Greek genius, the weight of Roman authority, went for nothing in the cataclysm. Whoever is accustomed to connect architectural and historical events can have, I imagine, little difficulty in matching such a structural convulsion with its social equivalent. There is only one event in history which has this character. The new, strange force that crumpled up Greek and Roman formations, what is it but another mode of action of that frantic energy unloosed from the desert which was shattering in all directions the Social fabric of the Eastern and Western Empires?

But if the Arab attack is unanimous

in its object to break up the old quietness and strength, there is very little unanimity in its own suggested alternatives. A volume of illustrations would be necessary to depict the multitudinous shapes to which the arch alone was soon reduced. Stilted arches, horse shoe arches, pointed arches, ogive arches, arches curved and foliated and twisted into a thousand nameless and inexplicable designs, arches inverted and standing on their heads, arches with voussoirs elaborately tangled and interlaced, such are a few of the varieties which occur more or less freely in all Arab buildings. The racial mark set on this feature alone is unmistakable, and every one susceptible to the meaning of form may easily interpret it. The imaginative excitability at work here is matched to a nicety in all Arab affairs and ideas. It represents the element, strongly mixed with the Arab civilization, which differentiates it from that of the Western races. What is striking about these Arab arches is that they are not fashioned simply as structural features, as Western arches are, that is to say, with regard to their structural use and purpose only, but are used primarily to exercise the fancy upon; the shapes they take being recommended by no sort of real use but being merely an outlet or safety valve for the whims and fancies of the builders. But this is precisely what we find in all Arab transactions, and what in all things makes the difference between the Arab and Western races. Arab science and philosophy, Arab thought and learning are permeated through and through with this same fantastical spirit. They none of them, any more than the arches, exist for their own purposes only, but are charged always with the same incorrigible tendency to imaginative eccentricity. In the same way if we compare the bare use of words by the Western races and the Arabs, we shall find

that the former keep constantly in view the strict relationship between the word and the fact, a practice which gives to their mode of expression a certain simplicity and moderation; whereas the latter break away from this connection with fact and use words as the vehicle for their own whimsical fancies. Let the reader turn up a translation of any Arab description of the beauties of Granada, and compare the vague rhodomontade and fantastical exaggeration into which the language is wrought with the equally wild fancifulness of the Alhambra arcades, and he will acknowledge one of the most striking similitudes between ideas and forms that the history of architecture has to show.

But we must look more closely yet into the quality of this architecture if its value as a record of human character is to be made clear. It was a trait of all Arab action, as I just now said, that it was spasmodic, impulsive and short lived, that its very ardor was always tinged with feebleness, and that it had no sooner accomplished something, or conquered and settled in some new country, than symptoms of decay and disintegration began to creep in, and all it had achieved began to fall to pieces. It was so, too, in building. What Fergusson says of the great works of the Moors of Spain, that they seem to have been built for a momentary enjoyment, and in accordance with a momentary caprice, is true of all Arab buildings. It scarcely needs to be pointed out that complicated forms must always make for weakness in architecture, and that those fantastic arches of which we were just now speaking are open at a hundred points to the chances of fracture, while from the irregularity of their construction they are incapable of opposing an even and steady resistance to the various thrusts and pressures to which they are subjected. Frequently accordingly they

show signs of giving way, and the ties of wood or iron which are used to counteract the lateral thrust of the arches, and the presence of which is in itself a pretty sure indication of feeble construction, are quite incapable of preserving the regularity of their shape. Traces constantly appear of a lack of uniformity and correctness of outline. Here they bulge; there they sag. This one is evidently lop-sided; that one is giving way to its neighbor's pressure. Such are the common and usual mannerisms of Arab arcades, and they produce to a Western eye an immediate and painful effect of feebleness and insecurity.

Another source of weakness is to be found in the Arab instinct for appropriating the remnants of older buildings. The plentifullness of Roman ruins furnished an inexhaustible store just fitted to Arab requirements. Eager but careless, it suited them far better to steal columns and capitals from classic structures than to cut and carve them for themselves. Countless are the buildings, from the Great Pyramids to Roman baths and palaces, which the Arabs impartially rifled, and most of their mosques are in large measure, many of them entirely, constructed of such fragments. This of course, however, involved the hasty adaptation of all sorts of structural features to positions which they had never been meant to occupy, and this process of adaptation in Arab hands is a very rough and ready one. Shafts are rudely broken off to shorten them, or are propped on blocks of stone to lengthen them. Again and again I have noticed, in the mosques of Egypt and North Africa, wedges of wood carelessly hammered in between shafts and capitals to raise the latter to the right level. Sometimes the capitals, chipped and defaced as they mostly are, are set on upside down, the cracks and rents in them being patched up with coarse mortar. Evidently speed counts for more

here than durability. The fact that stones, designed for the places they had to fill and accurately fitted to them, would yield a more stable kind of architecture than a lot of incongruous fragments eked out with stray chunks of wood and stone was to the Arabs of no consequence. Let the structure take shape instantly, that was the great thing. So long as it could be finished to-day what did it matter if it fell to pieces to-morrow.

Many more indications might be mentioned of the weakness which is inherent in all Arab structures, and in particular I am tempted to linger over their minute and complicated patterns of decorative design, patterns which in their feeble restlessness seem to embody the dreams of fevered pillows. I will content myself, however, with referring to one more, but that the most fundamental, symptom of weakness. The reader will not need to be told, if he takes any interest in the subject of architecture, that the quality of the masonry, constituting as it does the very substance of the structure and foundation of all subsequent effects, is really the most profoundly characteristic feature of the art, and, in its quality, the surest indication of its builder's architectural capacity. As for the quality of Arab masonry, it is much what the insecurity of their construction in other respects would have led one to expect. Smooth cutting and exact setting are never even attempted. Brickwork and stonework are put loosely together, with joints so wide and irregular and filled with mortar so weak and crumbling—moreover, they are so ill-adjusted and unsymmetrical with surfaces so untrue and inexact—that they probably constitute the worst masonry ever used by other than downright savages. It is of a kind which seems to welcome dissolution, for it exhibits a natural inclination to crumble and fall to pieces of its own

accord. The visitor to the oldest Cairo mosques will be struck by the absence from their decay of all that dignity and grandeur which so often belong to ruins. The word dilapidation, indeed, rather than ruin, expresses their condition. A people of builders, we in the North know that strength is the essence of all good architecture, and what we admire in a ruin is the exhibition it affords of such strength. We love to see, when all the softer, ornamental and decorative qualities have long been stripped away, how the shattered buttress and broken arch retain to the last their fixed and stern rigidity. And we are right; in that strength is the structure's final justification. But it is a justification which never attended on Arab efforts. The bulging surfaces and crumbling brickwork, the mortar running in powder out of the joints and the plaster peeling from the walls, reveal, under time's patient analysis, a total absence of that great attribute which is the unfailing mark of constructive genius. The readiness of this architecture to go to bits corresponds with the haste with which it was put together. There is nothing more fundamental than this. It is here we strike the very bed rock of Arab character. Under the painting and the carving, under the elaborate stucco ornamentation and the endless caprice of structural form, there is nothing after all but weakness and insecurity. No solidity upholds these fantastic imaginings and gives them reality and endurance. Under the restless energy and eager nervous impulse we find, wrought into the very texture of wall and arch, that profound instability which never fails to attend upon all Arab undertakings.

I think now that, if the reader will gather into an intelligible portrait his impressions of the Arab as an historical personage on the one hand, and if on the other he will collect into one visual

Image the characteristic aspects and practice of Arab architecture, and then if he will compare these two impressions together, the impression of the Arab as he lived and thought and acted and the impression of the Arab as he designed and constructed, I think, I say, that he will perceive between the two a likeness not to be denied. That memorable onslaught of the Arabs which swept before it the old social landmarks in a common ruin is so closely echoed by the general smash-up under his hands of established structural forms that it is impossible not to see in both processes a manifestation of one and the same force. The whimsical civilization which accompanied the Arab dominion and broke into so wild a frenzy of necromantic and astrological speculations is paralleled with curious felicity in the odd and freakish shapes, the flame-like mounting spirals and fantastically curved and twisted arches, into which the new architecture instantly developed. Further, when we examine more closely the texture and composition of this civilization and this construction, when we note the former's evanescent character, its powerlessness to cohere socially, its rapid collapse and total obliteration, and then compare it with

the crumbling masonry and tottering walls and columns of Arab buildings, we must acknowledge that the likeness, already remarked in outward action and appearance, extends equally to the substance and the inward nature.

Such, briefly indicated, is the interpretative value which this style of building may come to possess, if we approach it in a reasoning spirit. It is one of those styles inspired by racial instinct and an uncontrollable impulse, the use of which is to instruct us in the character of the people who evolved them. And never did a race more need such elucidation than the Arab. Traits which almost defy definition, which turn the Arab of history into a phantom and a myth, which in science, in philosophy, in poetry, still subtly elude and puzzle us, we capture at last in architecture. Here, arrested in its living image, is that force which, bred of the desert, seemed endowed with all the desert's fiery *élan* and restless inconstancy. But here it baffles us no longer. At last we can seize and handle it; and its strange mingling of frailty, fickleness and frantic energy can be examined in concrete forms, or registered by our kodaks and pasted into our albums.

L. March Phillips.

The Contemporary Review.

THE ENEMY'S CAMP.

CHAPTER XIX.

Cicely had hurried off to the boat with unusual speed. Not until she was settled in the stern, with the rudder-lines carefully crossed, did she breathe freely. Then she called for Martin to supply her with what she thought necessary for the sport of rowing, a book, cushions, and some selected green-gages; these articles represented her minimum of equipment when taking

exercise. Doris sat down to the sculls, and Martin pushed the voyagers off into mid-stream. But they did not remain long in that perilous position, for at the first turn they ran aground, thereby upsetting Miss Yonge's sketching-basket, which was propped in the bows.

"You've got your lines wrong, Cicely," protested Doris.

"Oh, dear, I forgot to remember that," Cleely admitted. "Can you reach the boat-hook?" Doris could; but in pushing off she lost a scull, which was only recovered by a desperate clutch that shook the other into the water. This, however, was easily recaptured while the boat drifted very slowly back again.

"Don't row till they're quite dry," said Cleely; "and I'll try to steer." She wobbled the rudder energetically, without, however, altering the direction of the boat which, rather to her surprise, held on its slow course.

Cleely was resigned and Doris thoughtful. The uncrossing of the lines having failed to alter matters, the younger Miss Neave abandoned speculations about the coxswain's art. She never could be sure which string to pull, but as she usually pulled the wrong one she had resolved to try the experiment of changing hands, and even this had produced no very satisfactory result. Usually, of course, to drift pleasantly would not have troubled her, but as it was she suddenly heard her aunt's voice uplifted in expostulation with the uncomprehending male.

"Pull!" she said with unexpected energy. "We shall be running into one of those things called 'Dangerous'; you always do when one is having a nice time on the river."

Doris obeyed, and they meandered elegantly up towards the bend.

"You'll run us aground," protested the rower.

"Oh, no, dear; I quite remember now. When I go so," Cleely tugged gently at one string, "you go so. And when I go so," here she pulled the other, "we go so. I've tried it several times and it's always the same. But when I pull both hard, or don't pull at all, it doesn't seem to make any difference except that we always go a little to the right."

"Well, I wish you'd keep us a little

straighter," said Doris mildly; "I don't think it would be quite so hard for me."

"But the river isn't at all straight," objected Cleely with triumph. "Now we've got to get round the corner. Let me see; so—yes, and it goes so. Oh, I must pull the other string.—"

This she did with a will. Luckily Doris counterbalanced with a crab on the needed side, and they achieved the perilous passage,—to run harmlessly into some reeds.

Though on the same side as the camp they were fairly well screened from observation, and very firmly fixed alongside the bank.

"No, don't push it off again," said Cleely; "you'll lose the oars again; and that tree's quite pretty enough for you to sketch."

Doris acquiesced meekly and began to undo the portfolio. The topmost sketch displayed a church-tower in a promising way to completion. It did not escape Cleely, though her friend would have covered it up. "Not quite finished yet?" asked Cleely slyly. "Were you interrupted again?"

"No, the boys didn't—" Doris paused with a slightly embarrassed air.

"He came to rescue you, in case?" Cleely suggested.

"He's fond of sketching, and he gave me some hints," said Doris still somewhat embarrassed. "I must go again to carry them out," she added.

"Under tuition?" Cleely's gravity was praiseworthy.

Doris looked at her in some wonder. "Tuition?" she repeated.

"I thought you said he was a schoolmaster, dear."

Doris admitted this point. "He did tell me a good deal. He says there is a fine old oak which hid King Charles after the battle of Worcester, standing all by itself in a glade over there"—she pointed towards the west—"I shouldn't have known of it if he hadn't."

Cicely smiled to herself. Her opinion of the intelligence of the scholastic profession began to rise rapidly. She was on the point of testing her friend's innocence, but refrained nobly. Doris might then not go sketching in the ex-pecker quarter.

"I thought you wouldn't have got far," said a somewhat scornful voice from the bank.

"We took ever so long to get here," returned Cicely in self-defence.

"You would if *you* steered," said Agatha. "Are you sketching, Doris?"

"Yes, I was going to, but if,"—Doris began to put up her things unselfishly.

"No, do go on, dear, it's such a pretty view. We'll take a turn round the field." Agatha's glance at Cicely was a youthful reproduction of Aunt Charlotte's ominous expression during lunch. Cicely felt rebellious; she was very comfortable, and the greengages were deliciously ripe and fresh. However she rose, under protest if in silence, and jumped out with surprising decision. Her usual leisurely disembarkation was a thing that counted somewhat on assistance. The sisters went off together.

"We're going back to town directly, to prevent it happening again," began Agatha abruptly.

"To prevent what happening again?" asked Cicely rather timorously and with a rapid review of recent events.

"It's Doris," said Agatha with indignation. "I should never have thought it of her, never."

Cicely was relieved. She could even have smiled, but—going back to town! That was indeed a catastrophe,—when there might be other kinds of fish to catch too. She must be diplomatic. "What's the matter with Doris, dear?" she returned. "I didn't notice anything unusual."

Aunt Charlotte saw her walking with a strange man, who was carrying her things."

"How dreadful of her!" Cicely assented. "Was he a nice man?"

"I suppose she thought so, but Aunt Charlotte didn't,—quite rightly," said Agatha. "Anyhow she says he's one of the house-boat and she's going back to Ealing at once."

"If it was only she—" thought Cicely. Aloud she said, "One of those horrid criminals?"

"They're not horrid criminals," Agatha retorted, warmly but unguardedly.

"Oh!" was all Cicely said, but her expectant look evidently demanded a sisterly explanation. It expressed plainly enough, "Why have *you* changed your mind?"

Agatha avoided this look but conceded the explanation. "One of them was very good to me," she said.

"Oh!" said Cicely again. "You've met one of them too—like Doris I mean," she added hastily. "What was he like?"

"He was a doctor. He saved me from a mad cow. He was very kind, and to-day—" Agatha stopped. Her tale was not being told exactly as she could have wished.

"And to-day he saved you again?" suggested Cicely amiably. Talbot was not a doctor, though she knew now enough about the house-boat to be aware that there was such a person on board.

"Don't be silly," said Agatha with a creditable attempt at severity. "He goes to the shop. Of course he asked me how I was after my fright—"

"And carried your things for you?" Cicely was perfectly at her ease now; she was in the best of company, and she had half a mind to narrate certain facts not unconnected with angling. Yet, if confidence is pleasant, still more pleasant is a sense of superiority, albeit temporary, over an accredited paragon. "I'm afraid you're just as bad as Doris," she said judicially; "—that is, just as unlucky," she amended.

The first idea was new to Agatha, who defended herself hotly. "It wasn't my fault," she insisted.

"No, the cow's," Cicely admitted; "I quite understand, dear. But what will Aunt Charlotte say? I think I shall have to chaperone you two about."

Agatha would have liked to be scornful, but Cicely's air of superior righteousness rather baffled her. She tried to think things out. "He ought not to have come twice," she pronounced.

"Which he? Yours or Doris's?" began Cicely innocently, but she ended with, "Well, of course Doris's. Yours was a doctor, and of course he had to see that it was all right."

Agatha was not convinced of Cicely's good faith, but her position was insecure. "We don't want to go back to town," she stated.

"Of course you don't, dear, with your health wanting to be looked after—I mean, with the sketch to be finished—"

"Be serious, Cicely." Agatha was getting really provoked.

"Certainly, dear. Yours was an accident and it's quite all right; but we've got to find out about Doris. It would be dreadful if she got herself engaged to one of those horrid house-boat people,—of course doctors aren't horrid—but if it was only an accident we can make it right, you know."

"Aunt Charlotte says—" began Agatha.

"She always *says*, dear," Cicely returned not very dutifully. "Luckily she always talks to Uncle Henry first. We mustn't let her talk to Doris."

"I'll speak to her myself, then," said Agatha with decision. They turned back towards the boat.

Meanwhile the unconscious Miss Yonge had begun a new sketch; that is to say, she had chosen her pencil, and sharpened it to a satisfactory point, and then she had fixed her paper; after which she had looked at the subject proposed so long and carefully that she

fell into a contemplative mood, her thoughts insensibly leading her towards a certain church-tower.

"Doris, you really shouldn't." Doris looked up surprised, and encountered Agatha's determined gaze with innocent eyes.

"You shouldn't have been seen; it was very careless of you," explained Cicely.

"Aunt Charlotte," began Agatha.

"Would be dreadfully distressed, if she knew how you had been annoyed," continued Cicely.

"What is it, dear? What have I done? I do hope I haven't hurt her cups or anything."

Cicely laughed, but Agatha was stern. "I'm afraid you must have encouraged him," she declared.

Doris blushed indignantly. "I don't know what you mean," she said, having just realized what they were talking about.

"You must tell us how it all happened," said Cicely insinuatingly. "It's such fun. You mustn't keep all the adventures to yourself. Why, if it had happened to Agatha or me,—she's quite jealous of you. Now what's he like?"

Agatha had become silent under Cicely's treatment, and Doris was gradually induced to tell all the story.

"It's such a pretty beginning, isn't it?" Cicely appealed to Agatha. "And he's got curly hair and is tall. Only, if you want to finish your sketch tomorrow, another path—" Cicely smiled suggestively.

"But why?" enquired Doris.

"Because, when he carries your things back again—"

"Why should he?" protested Doris, beginning to blush a little.

"You don't think he'd let you carry them yourself?" Cicely caught her up. "Aunt Charlotte must not see. You did it very cleverly—"

"Cicely, how dare you?" Doris was getting really angry now.

"It's not your fault, dear; don't be so vexed. But he will come again tomorrow."

"How do you know? Why should he?" Doris fell back on her old lines.

"Agatha could tell you, dear." Cicely saw that Agatha was about to give some really proper advice. "He comes after her just the same. Only you need neither of you mind. Agatha's 'he' is a doctor, and yours is a schoolmaster, isn't he?"

"Oh, I shall never, never go near that church again," Doris complained.

"But Agatha will go to the shop though," Cicely observed; "that is, if we don't all go back to town."

"Oh, dear, has anything happened? Is anybody ill?" Doris forgot her own affairs at once.

"It was just a figure of speech," Cicely put in hurriedly before Agatha had the chance of explaining. "Only Aunt Charlotte saw your schoolmaster and thought he was a tramp or a burglar or something. But if you let me tell her how it all happened it would relieve her mind. I believe she's sending Uncle Henry for a guard or a policeman or a beadle to parade round the camp."

"Yes, perhaps you had better explain," conceded Agatha with meaning. "I'll wait here."

"You can tell me which is the nicer, the schoolmaster or the doctor, when I come back," laughed Cicely, who saw that Doris was still in some danger of having good advice.

Mrs. Lauriston was already packing up when Cicely reached the camp, and Martin was collecting heavy articles. Her uncle was nowhere to be seen, and Cicely resolved to be unseen herself. She reconnoitred from afar, noting with alarm the vigorous manner of Aunt Charlotte's movements. After a while she saw her uncle returning from the direction of the farm. She executed a flanking movement and effected a junction.

"Uncle Henry," she said in low tones; "do come here a minute." Mr. Lauriston recognized the arrival of supports. He took in the enemy's position with the eye of an ex-volunteer, and prepared for a council of war. "We're not going, are we?" she asked.

"The wagon is ordered," he replied rather tamely.

"When for?"

"To-morrow morning. We move, but whether to Bel Alp——"

"I suppose we shall have to move."—Cicely could hear the sounds of packing—"but need we move far? We could get quite out of reach so easily. We might never have left our old camping-ground."

"The house-boat's not there now," observed her uncle.

"Isn't it?" Cicely's air of naïve surprise was perfect. "I suppose you ought to know, Uncle Henry," she added slyly. "Now I'm going to tell Aunt Charlotte how it happened, and perhaps we mayn't go back to Bel Alp after all. You'd miss the house-boat, wouldn't you? So you must help." She led the advance in open order, commanding the supports to bring up the rear.

Aunt Charlotte saw her approaching. "Oh, it's Cicely," she said. "Make yourself useful, child, and count the tea-cups. Be careful of the cracked one; it's the only moustache-cup we have. I can't imagine what that girl was thinking of; here's one all over some horrid mess of paint; I'll never drink out of it again; green paint, too, which is sure to be full of prussic acid or strychnine or something;—just like her!"

"Oh Aunt Charlotte, it's all a mistake; she told me all about it," responded Cicely in an ingenuous voice.

"I should hope she didn't. Five men on a house-boat!" replied Mrs. Lauriston in warm confusion.

"But it can't be the house-boat, Aunt

Charlotte," Cicely persisted. "It's gone; Uncle Henry,"—she pointed to Mr. Lauriston who came up—"says so. He was walking near our old camping-ground this morning."

"Gone?" repeated her aunt. "Why wasn't I told, Henry? I hate concealments. But that makes no difference at all. We must go back to Bel Alp."

"But why, Aunt Charlotte?" Mrs. Lauriston met the innocent gaze in a somewhat embarrassed fashion. No, she could not tell Cicely; it might put ideas into the child's head, as she had said already. "Agatha says," pursued her niece, "that you thought Doris was being molested; but it wasn't so at all."

"I should hope not. But, in case it occurs again—"

"Oh, but it can't, Aunt Charlotte. A lot of rough men came when she was sketching and tried to steal her paints. And then a strange gentleman came up and drove them away, and as Doris was frightened he carried her things. She was afraid to tell us for fear we should be alarmed. And he didn't want to intrude."

"That's how it was, was it?" said Mrs. Lauriston a little mollified. "But she ought to have told me at once; I am not easily frightened." Mr. Lauriston looked as if he endorsed this sentiment, while his wife considered the question. "But," she said presently, "we've ordered the wagon, and the things are half-packed, and your uncle has telegraphed to Martha."

"I can easily send another to put her off," said Mr. Lauriston.

"Another telegram! You men think nothing of telegrams. Such an expense

too!" returned his wife with indignation.

"Not so great as going back to Bel Alp," said Mr. Lauriston valorously.

"And we are so comfortable here," put in Cicely.

"Not half so comfortable as we were before," exclaimed her aunt, "if those detestable young men hadn't come. I declare I've half a mind to go back."

At this point Mr. Lauriston showed himself a strategist. "I think, as you have decided on it, we may as well go back to Bel Alp," he said.

"What are we to do when we get there?" Cicely asked.

"Stay there," responded her uncle gloomily. "I can't afford any more travelling this year."

"Oh, we'll pull down the front blinds," laughed Cicely, "and pretend we're at the seaside, as Mr. Waterhouse did last year. Only everybody will know, of course."

"We ought to have stayed where we were," said Aunt Charlotte in decided tones. "Going back at the beginning of August! Do you want to make us ridiculous, Henry? We should be expected to pay ready money at the shops, and they wouldn't leave parcels without being paid. If you had told those men to go away at first it would have saved all this trouble. They showed very good taste in moving of their own accord. We shall go back to the old ground to-morrow morning."

And so it was settled, not wholly to Cicely's satisfaction. To-morrow morning she had meant to spend in fishing; but anything was better than a return to Bel Alp.

(To be continued.)

POSITIVISM.

Every year the papers devote soon after the first of January a few short paragraphs to the Positivist Church whose great festival falls on that day. But the paragraphs grow shorter year by year. This does not in itself show that the Comtist Church of Humanity is declining: it only shows that it has lost its novelty. We who lie outside the communion can only guess its present state. It used to be said—but that was twenty years ago—that while the French members of it would require an omnibus or even a break to carry them all, the English, with a little squeezing, could be got into a four-wheeled cab. What has been the history of the Positivist Church here since then? Has it grown to the break or has it shrunk to a hansom? For when Mr. Frederic Harrison speaks as high-priest, we need not suppose that the audience to so attractive a lecturer are all or any "joined members" of the body which he addresses.

This religious side of Comte's teaching, which Huxley called Catholicism *minus* Christianity, and Mr. Harrison (in reply Catholicism *plus* Science, has never been reckoned here an integral or an important part of Comte's message to the world. It was certainly not that part of it which attracted John Stuart Mill and drew from him his appreciative notice of Auguste Comte. Moreover, the very word "positivist," though it was an invention of Comte's, and though it is used by him and his disciples alike for the philosophical and the religious side of his doctrine, is now claimed by or bestowed on a much wider school of thought and on many who will have naught at all to do with Comte's system of religion and morals. The French are always great at systematizing; greater still at *naming*. The

word Positivism came at as happy a moment or happier than Zola's Naturalism. In the latter case it seems almost beside the mark to urge touching Zola's characters (these at any rate) that if they are "naturalistic," they are certainly very often not natural. Even so, though an English philosopher may think there is nothing less positive than the idea of regenerating the world through the Worship of Humanity, or through the peculiar place assigned by Comte to woman in the scheme, he will yet be apt to confess that in the root of the matter Comte was still in the right. For the root of the matter, our philosopher will probably say, lay in this, that Comte did understand and set forth as none before had done the true nature of positive knowledge, or if you like of scientific evidence concerning the truth of things, and did, by this very act (which he clutched through his classification of the sciences, and still more by his famous theory of the three stages of human inquiry and knowledge), establish the positive attitude of mind upon eternal foundations. This is exactly what Mill recognizes or believes. "The foundation of M. Comte's philosophy is by no means peculiar to him, but is the general property of the age, however far as yet from being universally accepted, even by thoughtful minds." So says Mill. But he recognizes that this floating spirit of modern thought has, by Comte's system, received so to say a local habitation and a name, which were lacking to it before. Spencer disputes that last proposition, but on a personal issue only: he thinks he has done more to crystallize or materialize this *Zeit-Geist* than has Comte. That is no matter. On the fundamental solidity of Comte's system (in philosophy) Spencer and Mill

and Huxley and Haeckel, even Fiske, would or should be agreed. This is the Positivism which survives and will survive.

Or will it? It is strange how the fable of Columbus' egg is for ever being re-enacted in the history of mankind. Historically, as a phase in the evolution of human thought, the enthusiasm which greeted Comte's doctrine of positive knowledge (enforced, it has been said, by his theory of the three stages, theological, metaphysic, and positive, through which knowledge is supposed to have passed) is comprehensible enough. But within the province of Pure Reason it is not comprehensible. For the truth is, all this doctrine of Positive Knowledge, all Mill's, Huxley's, Spencer's and of the others not less than Comte's, reposes upon a simple and rather elementary confusion of ideas.

Let us pause for a moment before the historical aspect of the matter. If there be any parallelism between the laws of mind and the laws of physics—and who can question that there is?—if, therefore, action and reaction is an essential condition of the former as of the latter, then historically the "positivist" standpoint is wholly reasonable. When human thought had been told for centuries that, under penalties in two worlds, it must accept the metaphysics of (say) the *Quicunque vult* and utter a hearty Amen to Tertullian's famous *Est impossible? Certum est;* when, in a word, it had been compelled for those hundreds of years to breathe the highly aesthetic but "stuffy" atmosphere of an incense-filled cathedral, then it was obvious that whatever afforded most prospect or appearance of daylight and champaign, it would greet with the greatest delight and accept with the fullest acceptance; and out of the delight and acceptance would inevitably spring the glorification of physical science, its clarity, its exactitude, all in

it which affords the completest contrast conceivable to the *Est impossible? Certum est* before spoken of. This enthusiasm for science, this glorification is Positivism. By the same law of reaction, metaphysic is reckoned a half-way house to the daylight and champaign, between the pure unreason of Tertullian and the only complete reason which is Science. All this I say is natural enough in the historical aspect of the matter.

But the historical aspect of a doctrine in no way affects the doctrine as it stands in the eye of Pure Reason. It is one of the paradoxes of life that these two points of view may lie far apart. And so it still remains the fact that judged in that way, in the way of Reason, simply, Positivism resolves itself, as I have said, into not much more than a rather simple confusion of ideas.

The confusion is between Reason and Demonstration. That clarity of Science, so much vaunted, proves upon a close examination to be no more than this, that its results are more easily demonstrable than are other results. The advantages which the truths of science (understanding thereby physical science) have over the truths of metaphysic (understanding thereby Ontology or Epistemology, the study of the human mind or the theory of knowledge) is not that the former are *more true* than the latter—in truth there is not a more or less—but that they are more demonstrable. And from the point of view of Pure Reason it is easy to see that facility or difficulty in demonstration do not and cannot add or subtract one iota to or from the value of a truth in itself; seeing that they are no part nor parcel of the truth they deal with. "A thing," says Marcus Antoninus, "that is any wise beautiful is beautiful in itself, and because of itself, and praise is no part of itself." Just in the same way we may speak in

respect of truth: a proposition is either true or false in itself and because of itself; and demonstrability is no part of itself. If then it can be shown that positive truth and positive knowledge (in the Positivist's sense of these phrases, I mean) are necessarily more easily demonstrable than what we may call ontological truths, it follows that, from the historical point of view described anon they have an advantage and a sort of extra claim on our attention, but that within the sphere of pure reason they have no advantage and no special claims. In one word, the fact remains that truth is truth whether of the mind or matter, and that it cannot become anything more than true by increasing the number of people who accept it.

"If it can be shown" I have said. No doubt demonstration is always an advantage. I take it the proposition would need no showing to a person who was familiar with both kinds of truth, the scientific and the metaphysical. But such folk are few; and fortunately this proposition may be demonstrated likewise to those who are not of a metaphysical turn.

It follows directly from a consideration of the relationship of words to thoughts, and the necessary fact that all words which describe parts of the non-self, the outer world, must be more exact in their significance than the words which describe parts (phases or aspects) of the self or *ego*.

(1) In the first place, the former class of words must have been the earliest in any language, by the simple reason that for a word to gain currency it must express what is in the minds of two people, an A and a B (two at least), at the same time, and must be known by A to be in the mind of B and by B to be in the mind of A at the same time. Now the chances of this happening in the case of an impression from without (one of Mr. Spencer's "vivid"

impressions) is out of all proportion to the chances of it happening in the case of thoughts within (Mr. Spencer's "faint" impressions).

It militates nothing against this truth, that language itself very likely took its rise rather from the emotions than from the impressions: because the *currency* of language depended on the parts of it remaining when the emotion had passed away. Take the following supposititious illustration. Imagine in some remote ancestral settlement a child carried off by a cave-bear, and the horror of the sight evoking from the parents of the child a cry, which becomes the first name ever given to the cave-bear. In order that the cry may become a part of language, it must be evoked again by the sight of a second cave-bear; and the bystanders must perceive the thing that has called it forth, though they themselves feel none of the emotion which called it forth.

(2) We know too, of course, as a fact that, if we follow back the words we to-day use for thoughts and emotions—for our metaphysical world—they are all found to have first served for some object or sensation of the physical world. "Grief" is that which is heavy (*gravis*); "Sorrow" is a sore or wound; "Attention" is derived from tension (*tendere*), a physical stretching; the Greek *μανθάνω*, "I understand," "I think," is from a root "to measure"; and "reason" (*ratio*) derives from the same idea. There is no need to multiply examples, which one might multiply indefinitely. Sometimes a word still essentially physical is used symbolically for thought or emotion, as "brain," "head," "heart" are used. No one doubts that in such cases the physical meaning came the first.

Wherefore it follows in a double measure—first, it follows from the reason itself (given above) which caused the original words of currency to be

names of physical phenomena; secondly, it follows from the much greater antiquity of the names for physical phenomena—that in every language to-day all the words of this class are much more exact in their significance than are the words which relate to the world of thought. The conclusion from this is equally inevitable—*It is much easier to demonstrate the truths (or facts) of the world of sensation than it is to demonstrate the truths (or facts) of the world of thought.*

Facility of demonstration and nothing else is the hall-mark of all the truths of physical science; and it is only through a confusion of ideas that this quality which is external to the truths themselves should have been mistaken for a quality inherent in the truths themselves. For of course facility of demonstration includes the facility of demonstration to oneself. When people talk of verification as a property of scientific truths, they mean the same thing—"demonstration" (to themselves if to no other). All the terms which are used to designate the truths of science, "positive," "exact,"¹ "verifiable," etc., resolve into this one quality—capacity for demonstration.

Take the proposition "Shakespeare is a greater poet than Longfellow." Here clearly we have something which is not demonstrable. Yet like every other proposition it must be either true or false. In what relation does it stand to the proposition "Water is compounded of hydrogen and oxygen"? By the Positivist school, though they would not deny the first proposition, yet the second would be reckoned the more true. But there cannot be a more true or a less true in the case of either: each is either true or it is false. In what

then do they differ? In demonstrability and nothing else.

Our sociability and the growth of democracy have been contributory causes, second to the reaction against obscurantism, towards the acceptance of the positivist standpoint: the first because it makes us apt to distrust our individual judgment and our private thoughts; the second, because it makes us fancy that that which not many minds can quite grasp cannot be wholly true. Who is not familiar with the appeals from the obscurity of metaphysicians to the clarity of science? The inference in such always is that what cannot be expressed with perfect clearness (clearness, that is, not to the mind of the thinker, but to all and sundry of his audience) cannot be thought with accuracy.

I know that this will seem a hard saying to many, that there are problems on which it is possible for a man to reason correctly to himself, yet not in words, and on which, for lack of words, he cannot reason correctly (*i.e.* demonstrate) for the benefit of the crowd. Some philologists have maintained that no thought was possible without words. Max Müller was one who did so. I doubt that no one who has frequented the society of painters or of musicians could sustain this thesis. For such an one must come to see that painters and musicians habitually think in *media* which are not words. Some of their thoughts are demonstrable propositions—demonstrable in their own language, and even capable of translation into ours. Such are the laws of perspective, to which we may add the laws of "values" or atmospheric effects, which are almost as strict as the laws of perspective: these two for the painters; and the law of harmony for the composers. But there are many other facts and truths which the painter knows, or the musician knows, that he can express only in his own

¹ Yes, even "exact". It is true that we have only one form of an exact mental science—Pure mathematics. But the only reason why metaphysics cannot be made into one is the want of an exact terminology. With such synthetic *a priori* judgments would be as easy in metaphysics as in mathematics.

medium and "demonstrate" only by his achievement. Nor is it any wise different with language, when that is used as an art, as the medium for an art. Words now have other than a purely intellectual value, and there are truths which they express that are not demonstrable truths. There are laws of verse in virtue of which Shakespeare is a greater poet than Longfellow; and if it is a fact that he is so, then all the laws upon which that fact depends must be facts or truths likewise. A person who has the critical sense, and who has studied both authors, may be perfectly conscious of and yet unable to demonstrate them.

This I believe to be the real truth of the relation of "positive" knowledge to other knowledge. And against it it is of no effect to argue, that the notion of a human being being responsible to himself alone for his reason opens the door to a new medieval obscurantism. Because, in dealing with truth, you cannot be concerned with the consequences of truth; or rather, if you hold that truth in itself may lead to error, you abolish the function of reason altogether. "O Callicles," Socrates says in the *Gorgias*, "if there were not some community of feeling among mankind, however varying in different persons—I mean to say if every man's feelings were peculiar to himself and were not shared by the rest of the species—I do not see how we could ever communicate our impressions to each other." But the function of reason requires the same assumption for itself that it makes for the impressions. If our faculty of tracing effects to causes were not really the same faculty in all mankind, no reasoning, no argument, no demonstration would be possible. Obscurantism is an act of will; it is the refusal to use one's reason. And the proverbial person convinced against his will uses this obscurantism just as much as he would

do in matters where demonstration is not possible. You cannot of course make every man use his reason. But the simple test of demonstration will not make him do that either. And as a fact Positivism, being itself opposed to or defective in pure reason, has produced an obscurantism of its own.

The confusion of ideas which I have tried to expose between demonstration and reason is so inveterate (almost incidental to the fashion in which we receive all knowledge), and has especially so entered into the very flesh and bones of the Positivist philosophy, that I am quite sure that this paper will seem, to most readers of it, no more than a tissue of paradoxes. You cannot read John Stuart Mill, you cannot read Huxley or Spencer or Auguste Comte himself without seeing that it is impossible for any of these philosophers to carry on a sustained process of thought, but *in terms of physical phenomena*. Huxley indeed, the most metaphysical of all men of science, drops into the sceptical philosophy of Hume when writing as a metaphysician. But you see that this way of thinking has no real influence on the ordering of his ideas: he emerges immediately whole and unsinged, not even like Dante with the smell of those obscure regions on his clothes. Mill, when he is setting forth the fundamental thesis of Comte's system that "we have no knowledge of anything but phenomena, and our knowledge of phenomena is relative, not absolute. We know not the essence nor the mode of production of any fact, but only its relations to other facts," etc., goes on to say that this fundamental thesis is accepted by all modern philosophy, by Kant not less than by Comte. And verbally this is of course true: but Comte (and Mill with him) is thinking always in terms of physical phenomena, Kant is not: and so the word phenome-

non has not the same significance to the German as to the other two. So again in Mill's proposition (in his Logic) that in another sort of world it would be possible for two and two to make five, you see how impossible it is for this thinker to think in terms of metaphysics, and how Kant's demonstration to the contrary has passed over his mind like water over a duck's back. Herbert Spencer's classification of phenomena as "vivid" and "faint" is just another instance in point: the very words "vivid" and "faint" are referred instinctively to physical *impressions*, never referred to thoughts as such. Herbert Spencer would not see, for instance, that the pleasure a man has in listening to music or contemplating the harmony of a picture is a process of thought in itself, and not a sort of echo or function of the sounds which his ears, the colors which his eyes, receive at the time. Elsewhere Spencer uses the identical argument whereby Kant demonstrates the non-externality of space to prove the indestructibility of matter. This is a still stronger proof of his inability to think otherwise than in terms of physical phenomena.

The whole of Comte's system rests upon the same inability to think in what I may call terms of thought. In his system, the positive knowledge at which we have arrived now is exact knowledge of physical phenomena; his famous three stages are reckoned only in *terms of* that. He imagines mankind always being concerned only to find out the nature of physical phenomena, and that the theological, metaphysical stages which human thought is by Comte supposed to have passed through, were simply imperfect guesses at physical phenomena and nothing else. Plato's doctrine of ideas is (for Comte) an example of the metaphysical stage of thought. Comte is so utterly imbued with the first principles of posi-

tivism, that he understands Plato's theories as guesses touching the cause of physical phenomena as such, not what they are, viz. guesses on the cause or nature of mental phenomena as such. And of course the average man, who has not so much accepted the positivist philosophy as absorbed it, would find it still more impossible to think as I have expressed it in *terms of thought*.

For instance, to the metaphysician the proposition that "Thought is not in Time or Space" expresses a truth which is almost elementary. With the positivist it is a truth which it would be impossible to demonstrate to conviction. Even if you demonstrated it to his reason, his mind would refuse to assimilate it; it would in fact be rejected the next moment.

It will be almost as difficult to get any one to accept the theory of undemonstrable reason; and yet I maintain that we have shown infallibly anon that demonstrability can be no portion of a truth in itself. I will now add one more illustration which may serve to make clearer the function of reason even when engaged with non-demonstrable propositions. Imagine the case of a widow, against the advice of her brother-in-law or of her lawyer, paying the debts of an extravagant son. Of course to the brother-in-law or the lawyer she is simply acting against reason. But (1) the advice of the brother-in-law or the lawyer is—probably—founded upon general considerations of the character of extravagant young men, whereas (2) the widow may think or she may know that her extravagant son is not an average extravagant young man. The question whether she is acting according to reason or against reason hangs upon the alternative (a) whether she is merely *choosing* to think her son better than the average, or (b) whether she has a real knowledge of his character

and knows him to be better than the average. But how can she know it? It will be asked. Why, by the same faculty whereby a man may know that Shakespeare is a greater poet than

Longfellow. She cannot demonstrate her knowledge even to herself. But it may be real knowledge, for all that.

C. F. Keary.

The Albany Review.

IDLE READING.

The austere housewife who called reading "idle work" may have been unconscious of the oxymoron. But she uttered a profound truth all the same. There are popular authors it would be invurious to name who would apparently rather write than read. Most people would rather talk than do either. Of such was George Henry Lewes, who used, however, to say that when he was too much tired to read German he would read French, and when he was too much tired to read French he would still read English. An academic sciolist proud of his library was once showing off his shelves and bindings to a friend. "I hardly know what to do with all these books," he said. "Read them, my dear fellow," replied the candid visitor. There is a frame of mind, happily rare, in which printed words seem, like the hatter's remarks to Alice, to have no sort of meaning, although they are certainly English. Mere trash, compared by Mr. Goldwin Smith with bad tobacco, kills time and spoils taste. "Idle work" is something more than that. It implies occupation without effort, and what else can be so agreeable? Reading for a purpose absorbs, engrosses, becomes in time an overmastering passion. But reading without a purpose is not altogether purposeless. The search for suggestion is a real pursuit. When Mrs. Glasse said in her cookery book that the first thing was to catch your hare, she had not really got to the beginning. You must start your hare before you can do any-

thing else with it, and how many hares are started by idle reading! I don't mean such improving form of sport as looking out the references in Macaulay. Thackeray has an eloquent passage on the infinite possibilities involved in this method. But perhaps it could hardly be called idle, and in some cases it might be almost as difficult as verifying the numerous quotations in *Hamlet*, or proving that Milton borrowed without acknowledgment from a Dutchman. Dr. Johnson resolutely protested against the popular fallacy that you should begin at the beginning of a book. There was no knowing where that fatal theory might not land you. You might even feel bound to read to the end. Which is absurd.

Only a proposition of Euclid, and perhaps a sonnet, requires to be taken as a whole. A great many people say, "The world is too much with us," without being able to go any further, and without in the least meaning it as far as it goes. But such a use of poetry cannot be seriously defended. Without adopting the standard of Professor Raleigh, which is the true one, and considering Wordsworth as a whole, we may agree that to quote "Milton, thou shouldst be living at this hour" is not really to show a knowledge of him. I saw the other day attributed to Shakespeare the surprising statement that "Orpheus with his lute made trees," which reminded me of the famous text, "Hear the Church," and Archbishop Whately's characteristic comment, "I

should like that gentleman to preach on "Hang all the law and the prophets." One is quite as much in the Bible as the other. Even the idlest reading may serve to show the proper context of a common tag, to prove, for instance, that the author of a great poem never wrote such nonsense as "alone in his glory." Then what did he write? Go and read the *Burial of Sir John Moore*, if you do not know it by heart, and you will see.

Perhaps essays should be placed in the same category as propositions and sonnets! I mean true essays, not reviews, or long historical discourses. No one would begin one of Bacon's essays, in the middle, though he might be pulled up by a sentence too full of meaning to be appreciated without idle thought. And Hume's essays are so artistically simple that they carry you on like a yacht on a smooth lake. But the normal essay, such as Hazlitt's for example, is open to the objection that it cannot be skipped, being all of a piece, one and indivisible like the French Republic, or a scientific atom. A good novel read for the first time is another instance. Even Johnson sat up through the night to read *Evelina*, which would send many people to sleep in the daytime now. After the first time skipping is of course easy, unless the book be one of those superlatively excellent performances which should be read once for the plot, a second time for the characters, and a third time for the style. We have heard perhaps too much of the sage who declared with offensive, and obviously mendacious priggishness, that whenever a new book came out he read an old one. "When I want to read a book, I write one," said the more humorous Disraeli, who in his youth had been a great reader of other people's works. Disraeli could certainly make a book out of very unpromising materials. Even a French cook might stand

aghast at the *Life of Lord George Bentinck*. That singular volume, without a parallel in our literature, lends itself to idle reading, though it was by no means idly written. It is hard reading that the easy writing makes. The best of idle reading is that you cannot tell beforehand what will come of it. The course of the hare is beyond human prediction. There is no argument, there is not even pure Latinity, in the words of St. Augustine which converted Newman to Roman Catholicism. The result was not less surprising than the consequence of Saul's quest for his father's asses, which profited, if they cared for desolate freedom, by the sudden preference of the Israelites for monarchical institutions. A tomb at Lucca, I think, altered the whole tenor of Ruskin's life, and he read tombs as idly as other people read books. Ruskin did not altogether like the effect of his luebrations upon the idle reader. He confessed with sorrow that he had caused a large number of entirely worthless individuals to take an interest in art. What he wanted, good man, was to teach political economy. But idle people will not learn political economy, and the others would not learn it from Ruskin.

The idle reader does not by the hypothesis want to learn. It by no means follows that he always escapes that mental process. Is there a book better suited to the idle reader than *Tristram Shandy*? Is there any place where the law of association must be so inevitably, and man be so idly learnt? Just think of Mrs. Shandy's many-colored wardrobe passing in procession through the mind of Susanna when she hears of Bobby's death. Why should the idle reader trouble himself with Locke? He does not read, bless him, to think, but to be saved the trouble of thinking. How grateful we are, consciously or otherwise, to the authors who do us this service. We cannot be always

leading the strenuous life. The mind must sometimes lie fallow, and then one turns with relief to a new friend from the circulating library, vivid and not exacting, like Mr. Wells, or an old friend, whose pet phrases are household words, like Matthew Arnold. Take down *Essays in Criticism*, the worn brown volume that we handled so reverently when we were young. Never mind the obvious faults, the tricks, the repetitions, the affected turns of phrase. Soak your mind in the noble enthusiasm for literature, the scholar's instinct for what is best, the happy quotations, the happier humor, the clearness and precision of thought. Can there be an idler, or a pleasanter task than to read in that limpid English why we are not a critical nation, why we seem unintelligent to the French, what a set of Philistines we are, or were, how much we want an Academy, or at least how many errors we should be spared if we had one. Whether Matthew Arnold was right or wrong, is not the question. The point is that he saves his readers all trouble, talks to them, entertains them, thinks for them, sends them on their way rejoicing. He was an inspector of schools, and had learnt so well how to be understood by children that he was never obscure to grown-up people. There ought surely to be books for tired minds, and *Essays in Criticism* is one of them, not because there is no thought in it, but because the author thinks for the reader. He may have been dogmatic, but for idle reading give me a dogmatist. I do not in such moods like to be argued with, I like to be told. Even if one does not exactly know what "prose of the centre" is, nor how Matthew Arnold came to be an infallible judge of it, one can put up with the authoritative pronouncement that Bossuet could write it, if one is given a sample of his wares. How did Bossuet come by such a style?

Why could he not come by larger ideas? What is style? Did Pascal make the French language out of Montaigne, or out of nothing, or at all? These are the sort of vague surmises on which idle reading floats one. Like index learning, they turn no student pale. They do not make the weakest head ache. They do not excite, but in the good old sense of the word they amuse. If you are seriously and soberly earnest, you should compare like with like, not the best passages of Bossuet with the worst passages of Burke, or the best of Clarendon with the worst of Macaulay. But the idle reader does not want you to be soberly and seriously earnest. Very likely an English Academy would have excluded Burke on account of his occasional grossness. Would they have been right? It is easy to say "No." Much fun, some of it very good fun, has been made of the French Academy. How delicious is

C'y gît Piron, qui ne fut rien,
Pas même Académicien.

Yet the French Academy has lost none of its reputation since Cardinal Richelieu founded it in 1635. It has imposed upon Frenchmen a respect for their own language which we have not for ours, free and independent Britons that we are. Even the idle reader, or perhaps I should say especially the idle reader, is affected by style. He may even ask himself whether Matthew Arnold always wrote "prose of the centre," and whether the "note of provinciality" is not to be found even in him.

I am told that very few people nowadays read Sir Arthur Helps. That profound thinkers, always on the mental stretch, should avoid him I can understand. He did not invent platitudes, and call them paradoxes, as seems to be rather the fashion at the present time. But if *Friends in Council* are idle, they are very easy reading. They

do not tax what pedants call the ratiocinative powers. They do not send one to the map, or to the dictionary, or to the manual of useful knowledge. Milverton is apt to be long-winded, and Ellesmere's sarcasm is sometimes rather cheap. Cheap? No, that is a vulgar word. And the great charm of the friends is that they are free from all vulgarity. Dignity, and mutual respect, are qualities of the house in which they meet, as of themselves. If they are rather too well informed, and rather too well behaved, those are faults on the right side. Hysteria is not genius, and one can talk effectively without screaming. No one ever read *Friends in Council* for a sensation, or an examination. But the idle reader is in search neither of facts nor of feelings. He wants to pass the time without being too acutely conscious that he is wasting it. No very exalted ideal, perhaps. Yet who can say how many trains of thought have been thus unconsciously laid? Even knowledge is not always communicated by thumps. A good book, even a moderately good book, has different meanings for different readers. Delicacy and urbanity find many ways into the soul, some of them by back doors. It is impossible to be too methodical when one has an aim. When one has no aim, like old Montaigne, who wrote to please himself, or because he could not help it, method is out of place. The idle reader disregards opinions. Whether he agrees, or disagrees, with the author, is all one to him. Even the subject is comparatively unimportant. He asks only one question, Is the book readable? What makes a book readable? Charles Lamb boldly denied the epithet to Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*. But that, like Coleridge's metaphysics, was only his fun. Still, Gibbon is not altogether for the idle reader, except in the priceless Autobiography. He is too consecutive, although there are gems, not merely in

the notes, which repay the idlest perusal, as when two rival theologians submitted to the ordeal by fire, and the spectators were astonished at finding that the impartial flames consumed both the disputants. Nothing could altogether assuage the levity of the great historian, whose own "invincible love of reading" he would not, he said, exchange for "the wealth of the Indies." One can hardly think of him, however, as reading idly. He read for the great object of his life. Charles Lamb must have been the prince of idle readers, as he certainly wrote for them, and wrote his best. We may be sure that Lamb never read anything he disliked, and he was entirely unaffected by conventional judgments. If Shakespeare or Milton had bored him, he would have said so, though we can scarcely conceive his joining Dr. Johnson and Hannah More in their inquiry why Milton's sonnets were so bad. Lamb was an incomparable reader. He read everything that suited him, and nothing else, so that he never suffered from intellectual dyspepsia. The idle reader has at least the courage to be guided by his own taste. He goes his own way, taking what pleases him, following the line of least resistance into very pleasant places, ensnared by flowers, falling on grass. An idle reader need not be an idle man. Most idle men do not read at all. To go to sleep over a book is no crime. Sydney Smith recommended his own sermons as an unfailing soporific, and it need not be a bad book that produces this particular form of harmony with one's environment. A contented mood facilitates slumber, and what better frame of mind can a writer hope to induce?

The idle reader sometimes lets his attention wander. But it wanders by suggestion, and seldom comes back empty. A book is not like an egg. It may be partly good, and partly bad, too bad for blessing, too good for ban-

ning, very fit to be skipped, not fit to be ignored. Gaboriau had a habit of spoiling his best stories by superfluous second volumes, when the interest had been exhausted by the first. He who has not read the first volume of *Monsieur Lecoq* has not exhausted life's pleasures. There is no conceivable reason why any human being should read the second. Certainly no idle reader would do so, for he would lose his right to the name. Authors compete for the idle reader. It is he they really want to capture, unless they are so fortunate as to be the fashion themselves. The idle reader cares nothing about fashion. What is it to him whether he ought to read a book? To read it because other people read it would be in his eyes about as sensible a proceeding as following a lot of sheep through a gate. The idle reader gives an author the best chance. He has no prejudices, no prepossessions. No judge on the bench is more impartial than he because he thinks of nothing but his own amusement. At the same time he has one advantage over many professional critics. He is on the look-out for merits, not for defects. Mistakes do not trouble him, unless they are stupid. He never misses the point of a story, or of a joke. He would be punishing himself if he did. Reviewers sometimes flatter. The idle reader never does, except in the sincerest form, by idly reading. His own mind may profit, especially if it be habitually con-

fined to a groove, profit by the mere fact that he lets it go, giving his fancy play. "The best in this kind are but shadows, and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them." The caustic reply to these magic words, "It must be your imagination, and not theirs," would be rather trying to the idle reader. But there are sparks of imagination in unimaginative people which idle reading is apt to fire. According to Browning's Bishop Blougram, "a chorus-ending from Euripides" may destroy the sceptic's confidence in his position by the number of fancies it suggests. That is just what happens to the idle reader. Euripides is not to him an ingeniously bad playwright, with wonderfully human characters, but a speculative genius, who crowds the brain with thick-coming ideas that can be tested by actual experience. It is not idle to read Euripides. It is much idler not to read him, and Mr. Gilbert Murray has done his best to save us the trouble. No dramatist is more desultory, and yet none had more passages which make the idle reader of today feel that he must be ancient, or the ancients must be modern. "We drift idly upon fables," says the nurse in the *Hippolytus* at the end of a passage rather too philosophical for her education and calling. Euripides was speaking through her to idle readers of distant ages which he could not even dimly foresee.

Herbert Paul.

The Nineteenth Century and After.

THE BRIDGE-WARDEN.

PART I.

I was born in the wardhouse overlooking the narrow bridge of gray stone that spans the Loar; and the nurse—so she often said—carried me straight to the window to look out upon my inheri-

tance. The wardenship of the bridge had been in the family for two hundred years, since six of my ancestors fell there covering the retreat of their king, who, with royal gratitude, had granted

to John Rix, whose name I bear, and to his lineal descendants, the right to take toll of all who passed so long as the bridge stood.

Old age had come upon it in my day, and it was held together rather by the weight of the stones, and the moss and weeds which clung round them and filled their joints, than by the crumbling mortar. Often, as a boy, I watched awesomely as it shook in the winter wind; and it trembled whenever a carriage passed. There was room for this and no more, for I could hold a hand over each side at once when full grown (being a large man). It seemed strange, indeed, that it had endured so long, for it stretched seventy feet from one sheer bank to the other, supported only by two warped stone piers; but I deemed it would last my time, and never doubted to take toll, in my graybeard age, as my forefathers had done. It was a livelihood for a man and his family, for there was traffic to and from the coast, and the fords were many miles round, and impassable in the rainy seasons of the year.

There was a time, however, when I was like to forfeit my privilege. My mother—God rest her!—died when I came, and my father scarce forgave me to the end for costing him so dear; and since he showed small pleasure in my company, and great impatience of my youthful freaks and follies, I left home when a lad and took service in the wars in France. I rose to be captain of a company of mercenaries, and dreamed, as boys do, of rising to be a great leader. But my soldiercraft lay in my arm rather than in my head; and, coming to the wiser age of thirty, I judged my chances of further advancement but small. So, thinking it better to sit at the bridge than to march in the field, I claimed my discharge, and, taking such moneys as were due to me—I was never unthrifty—made my way home.

I returned none too soon; for my father had died some months before, and I found a crafty knave of a scrivener installed in my house, pleading leave and license of the Lady of Eastlake, who had lately come of age and been freed from wardship, and ruled the lands between the river and the sea.

The man could not look me fairly in the eyes; but he drew out a long roll of parchment and read many outlandish phrases that were neither English nor French, and argued his rights with much citation of the law till I pricked him with the point of my sword. Then he fled, shrieking as if all the fiends were after him, and threatening me with the wrath of his patroness.

The lady herself rode out with a following the next morning to demand the house from me, and rated me with many angry words. A tall, headstrong maid she was, and one to gladden a soldier's eyes.

I heard her in patience, knowing that a woman's tongue must run, until her breath seemed exhausted. Then I told her calmly that by the King's gift the wardenship of the bridge was mine, and the right to take toll from those who passed thereon; and she had no power to grant leave or license otherwise. "Unless," I concluded courteously, "you can show me warrant, madam."

"Warrant!" She tossed back her hair and turned a little to the men-at-arms. "My warrant is easy to read."

"I am a poor scholar, madam," I answered; "for I can read nothing there to set aside the King's word; and I will move from here for no other."

She tossed back her hair again, which was a trick of hers.

"Your blood be upon your own head," she cried, "if you are foolhardy enough to resist a score."

"Nay, madam," I said, "upon yours, since you would set twenty men upon one who but holds his own."

She bit her lip and hesitated; for a woman is swift of speech but slow to action, and I think her heart was softer than her words. But her men began to move in upon me, and I drew my sword sharply. The flash of the steel frightened her steed, and suddenly he reared and threw his mistress. I dropped my sword to catch her, and staggered against the doorway with her in my arms. Then I set her courteously upon the ground. Her men would have seized me unarmed, but she turned and drove them back and stamped her foot.

"Fie!" she cried. "Fie! He has dropped his sword to aid *me!*" Then she turned to me and bowed. Zounds! she was a fair maid.

"I have no mind to set twenty on one, Master John Rix," she said, "even were it not that I owe you some thanks for saving me from the stones. They tell me that you have fought in the wars and gained much honor."

"I fought in the wars, madam," I told her.

"What rank held you?"

"I was captain of a company."

"Will you take my service, and be captain of four?"

"You honor me greatly, madam." I replied; "but I am weary of serving."

She looked at me under her eyelashes; and a woman's eyes have won more soldiers than all the silver of the King.

"Would my service be so irksome to you, sir?" she asked.

"It would be pleasant service," I vowed, "but dangerous."

"Why?" She laughed merrily. "Think you to lose your head in it?"

"My hand can guard my head," I answered; "but there is no guard for my heart."

Therein I spoke lightly, thinking a compliment, even to so great a lady, not amiss. Yet by accident I touched the truth.

The lady tried vainly to frown down

my boldness, but laughed outright at last.

"Keep your heart," she said, shrugging her shoulders, "and your tottering bridge; but I will pay no toll when I pass."

"My eyes will take toll every time," I answered boldly, forgetting too much the difference in our degree.

She glanced hotly at me for a moment, and gave herself a haughty shake; but she spoke no more till I had helped her to mount and she was riding away. Then she bent down from her saddle and whispered quietly:

"I will take toll of *you*, Master Rix, before I have done. Every dog has his day, and this is yours; but—"

"You speak truly, madam," I whispered, as softly as she. "To-day I have held the world in my arms."

She flushed like a fire that is fanned, and gave her horse the spur; and I stood bareheaded, looking after her.

"So," I mused, "my tongue has run too far; and it is war between us, my proud lady! I am like to fare the worse; but you will remember that John Rix, the bridge-warden, held you in his arms. What a maid of maids it is!"

I held counsel with myself how the lady would seek her revenge on me; and it seemed likely that she would take occasion of some error of mine to lay a case before the King to deprive me of my wardenship. So I was wary in my doings and gave offence to none. But when I came to know her I found that I had judged her wrongfully, since she was above all underhand doings. So next I thought that she spoke without intent, as woman will, and would have no revenge at all on me. But she stopped whenever she rode my way unattended—and that was often—and greeted me fairly, and spoke with me as with an equal, laughing and looking at me with her great eyes, and displaying many little airs and graces; and

then it dawned on my slow understanding that she would take her toll in another way, with a woman's weapons; and pay I must, and pay I did in many a peevish day and restless night. Yet I concealed my vanquishment from her, and looked her fairly in the face, and answered her speech like one heart-free, lest she should laugh me to scorn.

"The King bids me to Court to find a husband," she told me, glancing to see if I winced. "What think you, Master John?"

"That if you tarry too long the King will find a husband for you," I answered.

"Even so he vows," she said; "but it seems that none will dare."

"It needs daring, madam," I answered, shrugging my shoulders. "But there are some who lack the wisdom to fear, and one will come riding over my bridge some day."

"And then?" She smiled at me.

"And then—I shall take toll of him." I slapped my pocket till the coins jingled.

"If he is bold enough to come for me without my leave," she declared, "he will be bold enough to pass without yours."

"If he is bold enough to pass without my leave," I retorted, "he is bold enough to take you without yours."

"Truly," she vowed, "that would need a braver man than you, Master John."

I contradicted her not, believing that she tried to tempt me to my downfall, and having no mind to give her occasion to laugh my presumptuous folly to scorn. Though I doubted that the event would find her nearer to tears than laughter. For she was a true-hearted maid, her wilfulness withal, and when she had won her revenge, would think less of her victory than of my hurt, and be like to blame herself for playing with me. Sometimes I was minded to be open and tell her so; but then I knew she would come my way

no more, and, poor love-sick fool that I was! the day had no light unless I saw her. So I piqued her still that she might come; and, since she permitted me to speak frankly with her, I advised her concerning her marriage as a friend to whom her welfare was dear, and especially that she did unwisely to flout the King.

"A great lady like you must marry," I said, "and have a husband to rule her lands, and heirs to govern them after her. Among the nobles of the Court there may be some whom you would like well, and a wilful maid makes often a willing wife."

"I will make none," she cried hotly.

"It is worse to be an unwilling one, and if you try the King too long he may send you a husband little to your liking."

"Then I will send him back again." She drew herself up hotly. "I have four hundred good men to hasten him on his way, and perhaps one more. For you would take my service then, Master John?"

"Nay, madam," I answered. "My service would not profit you, and I am grown too old to fight a vain battle."

Then she grew angry, and cried that I was a coward, and she wanted none in her service; and touched her horse with the spur and rode away, leaping the hedges and brooks in her reckless fashion.

Toward the end of the summer there came across my bridge a messenger from London, a lusty man with a fearless voice and a soldier's bearing; and I saw on his wallet the royal arms. He paid treble toll and took no change, and asked the road to my lady's castle; and my mind misgave me. It misgave me more when he returned, looking angrily and biting his moustache; and as he flung me a coin he cried that he would pay no toll when next he came my way. So I judged that he thought

to return with the King's army, which passes free.

The next morning I was early at my door, looking for my lady, and not in vain.

She was flushed with riding fast, and could scarce stop her steed till I caught at the bridle.

"It will gladden your heart to know that you will take your toll soon," she cried, tossing back her hair.

I steadied my look and voice with difficulty.

"It is as it should be, lady," I said, "if he is a good man and worthy of you."

"That might easily be," she said, with a bitterness in her voice, "as *you* think of me. But even you will scarce think so of—the Earl of Lanby." She looked across the river, where his emblem lay as far as the eye could see.

"The Earl of Lanby!" I grated my teeth for a moment; for the Earl was well at fighting, and ill at all else. "I have been a soldier, lady, and drilled to hold that the King can work no evil; else I had said that he has done you grievous wrong."

"The wrong is not yet done," she cried. "I will defy the King; and now, will you serve me, John?"

I leaned one arm upon her horse and stared across the narrow gray bridge, and seemed to see myself and a few good men holding it against the army; but I saw them, in my mind's eye, surrounding us by the fords and taking us in the rear, and myself hanged—that mattered not—and her men; and I shook my head.

"My life is little to me, madam," I said. "If it would profit you; but it would not. You will but add to your bitterness the humiliation of defeat. Neither will I ask your men to follow me in so hopeless a cause. You cannot resist the King."

"Do I care so little for my brave men—or for you?" she cried. "Ask

them to follow you—and me—across the water. Discipline them into soldiers worthy of the acceptance of the King of France. They would fain serve under you, John; for they say that you are a good soldier, and that there is no swordsman like you in France."

I had, indeed, some skill with the weapon, and her men-at-arms loved to learn from me.

She smiled down at me as she sat on her horse; and I was sore tempted, but steeled my heart against her wiles.

"No, madam," I answered. "I am yours to the death if I can render you useful service; but I will not serve the enemies of my King."

She swerved her horse aside, pulling angrily at the rein.

"You are a poltroon," she cried—"a poor knave with no mind above taking toll at your bridge. Come against me with the army of your King!" And with that she was gone.

I stood gloomily looking after her till she was out of sight; then I walked out upon the bridge and sat upon the parapet, staring moodily at the water and communing with myself.

I was ready enough to fight for her, even against the King, if that would save her from a distasteful marriage—for the thought that I would not have her love her husband I dismissed as unworthy; but this was beyond my power; and even if I refused service against my countrymen, I saw no profit in following her to France. Since my presumptuous love for her grew every day, I should but increase my tortures by seeing her, and at the end should dance at her marriage with some finnicketing French nobleman whom I could stifle with one arm. To France, I resolved firmly, I would not go.

There was only one way in which I could free her from the need of flight to escape this hateful marriage. If I

could meet the Earl and kill him! They would kill me afterwards; but that would not matter, for life held nothing but trouble for me since she was out of my reach. But I could not bring myself to so unsoldierly a deed as to take him unaware, and he would disdain single combat with one of my degree. Indeed, they would thrust me from his doors if I sought audience of him.

I pondered all day upon the matter, and, thinking still of it at night, I could not sleep. So I rose and dressed, and went out on the bridge and rested my arms on the parapet and looked down on the river hurrying by. There had been a storm in the evening, and the wreckage of the trees raced down the stream, and sometimes a great bough struck one of the slender piers and made the bridge tremble. The wind blew fiercely towards Lanby, and the keen air and the cold moon peeping through the scurrying clouds chilled my hot passion to a pensive mood.

I had stood there a while when I heard, beyond the far end of the bridge, a sound that I knew. I should have recognized it before but for the contrary wind. It was the thud of horses at a trot—horses that were ridden in close order together.

I thought with a quickness unusual to me—though my wits are apt to wake at times of action—it could not be the King's army, for the messenger had barely returned. It must be the crafty Earl coming with a force to seize my lady ere she fled to France, as one might well judge she was like to do. There was no time to run back and saddle my mare to give warning. I could but die for her.

PART II.

I crouched under the shadow of the parapet with my sword in hand, for I had not yet disused my soldier's cus-

tom to go always armed. The horses drew nearer and nearer till they clattered on the bridge, and now and then a rough voice reached me against the wind. It seemed as if hours passed instead of minutes, and in a strange fantasy I made pictures out of the black clouds driving in the wind. At last they were upon me, and I leapt up and faced the big Earl.

His great black horse, nervous as horses are, snorted and fell back on his haunches. I think the creature wrenched his back, for he did not rise; but the Earl freed himself swiftly, and stood raving and cursing at me, and, taking me for some belated vagabond, bade his men seize me and throw me over the bridge; and when I laughed he smote at me. He knew that I was no yokel when he met my guard, and shouted quickly to his men to keep back lest they hampered his arm. I withdrew a step, and challenged him to come past his horse, which lay between us, if he dared. He came quickly enough, and then we fought.

I would that I had skill of words to tell the story of our sword-play, for I had some renown in the army as a swordsman, and never have I met so strong and skilled an adversary. We feinted and smote and parried and advanced and retired for a quarter of an hour, and sometimes when the moon was hidden for a moment we waited cautiously on guard, resting our arms. I had two flesh-wounds, and a deeper one in the shoulder, and I had touched him thrice, when at last my sword went home, and he fell without a groan, and as he touched the ground his followers rode forward. Happily the body of his charger impeded them, for their horses shied at this and at me, and would not advance. So the men dismounted, but foolishly came on two abreast, hampering each other, as their dead lord had foreseen; and I smote down eight, one after the other.

fighting across the dead man as he lay on his charger. I can see in my mind's eye his dark, pale face as it stared with glazed eyes and open mouth at the moon; and behind lay the others, and those who still came on had to step on them.

Two stout men were now to the front, smiting not, but pushing me back with their guard, and giving no opening to strike them. Once I was driven off the narrow bridge I knew full well that they would surround me. Therefore, when they paused for a moment I turned and ran, thinking to get to my house. They followed closely, and the bridge filled from the other end till it was full; and since I was faint with loss of blood—for I had received several more wounds—and could not run, I turned to face them as I reached the bank. As I turned I heard a great shriek of many in one, and saw the bridge sway and disappear, broken by age and the unwonted burden; and presently there was a great crash, and the water flew up in clouds. The spray fell on me where I stood. I heard a few shrieks, fewer and fewer, and saw a white face here and there in the stream, and an uplifted arm!

Some few of the Earl's followers had escaped on the bank by my side; but they had no heart to fight further, nor had I. They slunk away, and I staggered to my house, and stanched my wounds and bound them. Then I went to the stable for my horse; but one of the knaves had stolen him while I was within. So I set out on foot to my lady's castle, thinking that some might cross by the fords and take her by surprise. I was faint and dizzy, and the wounds broke out again, and I reeled before the wind that blew upon me. There is an ill dream that I dream yet of a wild moon riding fast in a wild sky, and a fierce wind racing over a bare land, and a wounded man stum-

bling on to a place that was always far.

I reached it at last, and leaned against the gateway and knocked; and when they opened it I fell senseless within. When I came to from my swoon my lady, with her hair hanging loose, as she had risen from her couch, and clad in a long wrapper, was bending over me and dressing my wounds; and not till they were all bound would she hearken to me; and then I told her how I had taken toll of the Earl.

She called her men to arms, and set guards upon the walls, and had some tree-trunks hoisted, as I advised her, to let fall upon the enemy where they must crowd to attack the gateways; but they came not. So in the morning I counseled her to flee without delay, since she would not submit to the King; and when she dallied with preparations, as women will, I took matters into my own hands and gave orders for the wagons to be loaded, and sent a troop to the port to secure such ships as were there—they found two, beside my lady's own barge—and bade all march straightway; and they made no demur, but obeyed me.

My lady would have had me embark first, with her; but I refused flatly, telling her that in a retreat the captain's place was at the rear. Then she said she would stay to the end with me; but I vowed that she should go straightway aboard or I would carry her. For a countryman had brought news that the King's army had crossed the ford, and it was no time for courtesy.

Finding me resolved, she yielded with good grace; but before she went she took a little gold brooch from her neck and fastened it at mine.

"Since you have served for no wage," she said very sweetly, "and only my heart can repay. Have a care of yourself, and follow safely, or you will cause me great sorrow."

But I filled the three ships full and saw them go, and bade the men who were left scatter along the shore and save themselves by flight. Then I went back to surrender to the army of the King. For I would not follow my lady to France to see her marry there, and to take service against my King; and I judged surrender better than flight, since the end was speedier. Nor did I care greatly what became of me.

The captain of the advance-guard, to whom I gave my sword, cursed me for a braggart until one of the men who had fought on the bridge bore witness to my story. Then he cursed me again for coming to him to put my neck in a halter.

"It is the best deed that ever a man hung for," he declared; and he gave me meat and drink before he sent me, under guard, to the King's lieutenant, Lord Marvain.

His lordship examined me with no more harshness than his duty demanded, and ill concealed his pleasure that I had slain the Earl. I owed it to his favor, I make no doubt, that I was not sent before the King till the morrow, when his anger had cooled somewhat; and he gave me a veiled hint to plead that I had but held the bridge against those who would cross it for purpose of unlawful and unauthorized violence. His wife, I learnt afterwards, was a second cousin of my lady's, and I credit him with some voice in the strange events which followed.

He sent me to a tent, on parole to stay within; and I slept most of that day and night, being spent and sick of my wounds. The next morning they led me forth to a court which the King held in my lady's hall; and when I was seated—for I was not able to stand long—I discovered my lady seated beside me. Some of the King's ships had sailed round the coast and

captured her. She was greatly angered that I had not followed her, and turned her back on me; and when I whispered would not answer.

An usher called for silence, and the King turned to us sternly.

"You, lady, we know," he said, "and your proud, rebellious spirit; but who, sir, are *you*?" He looked severely at me.

"John Rix, sire," I answered, "some years captain of a company, under Sir William Evesham, in your service; and lately, for service of my ancestors, unworthily warden of the Loar Bridge, which I guarded with my life against those who would pass it unlawfully to commit violence upon your Majesty's subjects."

Lord Marvain nodded approval; but the King's gaze did not relax.

"Did you risk your life for *my* sake, John Rix?" he demanded, striking his hand upon the table in front of him, "or for—*my* subjects?"

"For this lady, sire," I said steadily; "but I chose to surrender to you rather than to seek service with your enemies in France."

"Did she invite you to such service?" he asked quickly; but I did not answer, although his eyes pierced me. "Well, I will not force you to accuse her, only yourself. You aided her flight?"

"Yes, sire."

"Knowing that she fled from my will?"

"Yes, sire."

"What is your excuse?"

"To *you*, sire, none."

He pulled his beard and frowned.

"Did you know that Lord Lanby had no warrant of mine to pass the bridge when you fought him and slew him?"

"No, sire."

"But you thought so?"

"I did not think about it, sire."

He smiled grimly.

"I think it would have made little

difference if you had, Master John. It is plain that you preferred this lady's service to mine. Yet in all else I judge you to be a loyal servant, and a brave one. It shall rest with yourself what punishment you suffer." His look upon me was not unkindly; but his face was stern again when he turned to my lady. "You, madam," he said, "have openly defied my will; neither have you submitted your error to my judgment; neither have you held to me against my enemies. If you were a man your life were surely forfeited. As you are a woman, I will cure your wilfulness in another way. Since you demur to my choice of a husband, you shall choose one for yourself—from my scullions! Unless"—he leaned forward and shook his finger at her—"unless the sturdy knave beside you, whom you have seduced from his duty, will take pity and marry you.—Come! will you take her for punishment, Master John, or shall she put up with a kitchen-knave?"

I looked at my lady, but she kept turned from me.

"The lady is nobly born, sire," I pleaded; "and I am but a poor yeoman. Punish me more, I pray you, and her less. She is but young, and"—

"Dare not to parley with me," the

Chambers's Journal.

King thundered. "Make your choice, and that without another word."

There was but one choice that I could make; for though it irked me to be the instrument of her punishment, and I could but expect that she would hate me and revile me, yet it was surely less shame for her to marry me than a kitchen-knave; and I answered speedily lest I should seem to put scorn on her.

"I will marry the lady, sire," I said; "and but for the wrong I do her my punishment would be great reward. For I think there is none to compare with her on earth."

And then my lady did a thing at which I marvelled; for she rose and bowed to me very courteously.

"I thank you, sir," she said calmly. "You do me no wrong."

I thought first that she spoke but to anger the King; and then I thought—knowing her noble nature—that she spoke to show courtesy to me, since she knew full well I would have died for her sake; but when we were alone she held at my jacket with both her hands, and smiled the sweetest of smiles in my eyes. And then I knew that her punishment, like mine, was light!

Owen Oliver.

AESCALAPIUS IN IRELAND.

The ignorance of medical matters that prevails among the Irish peasantry is a source of unfailing wonder to those who come in frequent contact with them. The belief that if one tablespoonful of physic will do you good, five, six, seven tablespoonfuls will do you still more good is very popular, and often leads to queer results. In the old days this was not very much to be wondered at, as reading and writing do not come by nature in spite of Dog-

berrys assertion to the contrary, and among an ignorant, unlettered people anything may happen; but in these days when the national school sends its pupils out into the world to fill all manner of positions, from farm-laborer to priest or doctor, the colossal ignorance of individuals is amazing. I have often heard my father tell the following story, for the truth of which he vouches.

When Bianconi's cars did for Ireland

what the railways do to-day, he used frequently to ride through County Cork to Mitchelstown, visiting relatives who lived there. The coach was at that time driven by a local celebrity called Tom Duggan, who was of a most loquacious habit and would relieve the tedium of the long journey with many a racy story. On one occasion, however, Tom's spirits lacked their usual brightness, and the man himself looked so ill that my father asked him if anything was the matter.

"Well, yer honor," said Tom, " 'twas this way. I wasn't feelin' very well in meself these few days past, an' herself sez to me, 'Why don't ye be afther gettin' a box of them pills of Andherson's whin ye be in the town?' So I wint to Mister Murphy's down beyant, an' 'Have ye e'er a pill of Andherson's?' sez I." Anderson, it may be explained was a popular patent-medicine manufacturer at that time. "'Yes,' sez he. 'Will ye give me wan?' sez I, but begorra he wud not. 'Ye must buy the box,' he sez, 'and take two of them tonight. They'll do ye a wurrid of good,' sez he. So I took the box, bad scran to him, and away I wint to the offis. But shure, thinks I, if two will do me good, maybe twenty-two will do me more good,—there was twenty-two in the box, the gossoon in the shop tould me—and 'sorra the use to wait till tonight,' I sez, so with that I swallowed tbim all."

"Did you swallow the whole lot, Tom?"

"No, begor! I chewed thim," said Tom, "an' a quare taste they had intoirely. Dick Phelan was on the coach that same evening, an' faith, we wint along grand till we came about a mile aish of Mitchelstown an' thin 'twas meself was feelin' mortal bad. 'Dick,' sez I, "'tis dyin' I am, will ye dhrive the coach home for me? I sez. So Dick tuk the reins and him tellin' me I was kilt intoirely, I lay down in the gripe

of the ditch, yer honor, an' sure 'twas meself thought I was dead before morning."

"How long were you in the ditch, Tom?" asked my father.

"All night, yer honor," said Tom, "shure I could not shtir wid the way I was in. That Andherson is an ould rogue. 'Tis prosecuted he ought to be, an' he sellin' pills to pizen a man!"

Such, or maybe to such effect, for I dare not quote verbatim, was Tom's summing-up.

This happened many years ago, but very recently a farmer went into a certain chemist's shop in C—, and asked for a box of well-known pills. When the purchase, neatly wrapped in paper, was handed to him, he paralyzed the assistant by tearing off the wrappings and emptying the contents of the box down his throat, so quickly that no one in the shop had time to stop him. In answer to their horrified remonstrances he grinned, paid his bill and walked out. Nothing has since been heard of him nor has the trembling assistant yet been summoned to give evidence at the inquest.

But even in Ireland he was an exception. Not so, however, the old lady, a family connection of my own, whose love of economy was her ruling passion in life. She had been taught the principle of "waste not, want not," in her youth, and the precept led her to a strict rule of always finishing up remnants, whether it was a scrap of cotton which was saved for a patchwork quilt, or a slice of toast standing neglected in the rack after breakfast. Her peculiarity led her into strange byways, not the least of them being her habit of finishing all medicines that came into the house, without reference to any complaint for which they might have been ordered. No matter how great or how small the amount left in the bottle, she resolutely finished it, and as she lived

to celebrate her ninetieth birthday, the power of the drug cannot be so great as some people would have us believe. The dear old lady thrrove on her self-administered pills and potions. Modern lecturers on hygiene would have found her a sore puzzle, for her thirst for medicine was only equalled by her abhorrence of fresh air. She was never really happy till all windows and doors were tightly shut and curtained, and at night her bedroom was sealed as hermetically as her ingenuity could seal it. Thick curtains were drawn before the carefully closed, bolted, and shuttered windows; the trap-door in the chimney was pulled down and stuffed with paper (there was no fire in the room needless to say); her bed, an old four-poster, was draped with the heaviest of hangings, which were carefully pinned together after she had got in; and finally the keyhole in the door was stuffed with paper to exclude draughts. She ought to have died a hundred deaths in her early youth, but as she probably never heard of carbonic acid gas she lived to a ripe old age, in defiance of all known laws of ventilation and hygiene.

The color of a medicine, as we all know, works wonders, and when Tim Delaney died the village did not wonder (for "wasn't it a green bottle the Doctor was affer givin' him?") whereas Mary Reagan's recovery was solely due, as was well known, to the efficacy of the red mixture she swallowed so hopefully.

The triumph of mind over matter is well exemplified among these simple people, as the following example, worthy of the attention of the Christian Scientist, will show. An old woman was removed, very ill indeed, to the Women and Children's Hospital. After she had been well washed (she had never been in a bath before in her life) she was put to bed, and a thermometer slipped under her arm. When

the nurse, from whom I have the story, took it away to read it, the patient looked at her with grateful eyes. "Thank ye, miss," said she, "that done me a world of good."

For the truth of this story I cannot vouch, though it is well within the bounds of probability. A certain old woman was ordered by her doctor to the sea-side for a week. Living inland, and having never seen anything bigger than a trout-stream of microscopic dimensions, she enlisted the services of a friend to sustain her on her pilgrimage. Dublin Bay having been recommended as convenient and inexpensive, in due time two timorous travellers alighted at Kingsbridge. Bewildered by the noise and bustle, and too frightened to ask their way, they set out on foot and in course of time found themselves on one of the bridges overlooking that most odoriferous of rivers, the Liffey, which, to their unaccustomed eyes, seemed so enormous that they at once decided it must be the "say." The pungent, sickly aroma of undefined ingredients assailed their nostrils, and the patient in an ecstasy of delight leaned over the parapet of the bridge, inhaling deep breaths and filling her lungs with this new substitute for ozone. At last she turned, gazed at her companion, and said solemnly, "Mary, I feel better already!"

When the electric tramway was laid through the streets and the cars first began to run, it was no uncommon thing to see an old woman petrified with astonishment standing on the curb, with eyes and mouth wide open, gazing at the fearful contrivance. Then as the portent whizzed past and disappeared in the distance her limbs would relax, her eyes resume their normal position, and crossing herself with a fervent "Glory be to God!" she would resume her occupation. On one occasion I was greatly amused at the evident terror of a huge burly farmer

fresh from the country who was being piloted through the town by a friend. Arriving at the Column, the starting-point of the tram-cars, City began to persuade Country to take a ride. Waiting for my own vehicle I overheard the argument, and finally had the joy of seeing the two clamber up after me to the top of mine when it arrived. Country was seating himself with great care when the spring seat slipped, making him jump some inches and instantly bolt for the stairs. His friend captured him just in the nick of time; the simple device for keeping the seats dry in wet weather was explained and he finally settled down again, gripping the back of the seat in front of him with both hands, and looking as though he expected a mine to explode under him at any moment. Then with the usual *whirr* we started, and poor Country would have been off again had he not been held down by his friend who had taken the precaution of sitting outside him on the seat, which just held two. Presently with fearful courage the farmer looked over the side, craned his neck forward, and then nearly twisted himself into a knot as he endeavored to examine the back of the car. When neither horses to draw it nor engines to push it were visible, he became so abjectly miserable that his friend looked at him. "Why," asked he, "and is it afraid you are?" "Afraid?" said the farmer; "begorra oh ahm that!"

When no explosions or accidents occurred, we gradually took courage, and the convenience of the penny rides soon appealed to all sections of the community; indeed in no other town have I been so much impressed by the fact that the public vehicles are literally servants of the public. We refuse to be dictated to; no white posts, registered stopping-places, are allowed on our lines; we get in where we will and out where we will; we occasionally in-

duce obliging conductors to stop the tram while we jump out and post a letter, or beg him to wait for a friend who's "just coming," having dashed into a shop on a hurried errand. With it all we manage to keep good time, to meet the trains we are scheduled to meet, and to arrive at the Column at the prescribed hour. How it is done only Heaven and the Irish temperament can tell. Occasionally, of course, conductors, being after all only mortal, consider it necessary to hurry the leisurely pedestrian who clammers slowly and majestically into the car, but this we always resent. To have the bell clattered angrily racks our nerves, offends the ear, and insults our reposeful dignity. As a rule we swallow our wrath, but one evening an old dame's feelings proved too much for her. She hailed the car too late; we had passed, and by the time we pulled up she was several yards down the road. She was becomingly arrayed, I remember, in a spotlessly white mob-cap and a blue check apron that covered her multitudinous petticoat to the very hem. She had a big basket on her arm and came trundling after the car in very aggrieved fashion. Perhaps the conductor was in a hurry, perhaps he thought her pace unnecessarily slow, at any rate he clanged the bell vociferously. Jerking her basket on to the foot-board and catching the brass rail in one hand, she stood on the road, and treated him to a flood of eloquence, while he tried vainly to make her either enter the car or release her hold. The driver was growing impatient, and the other occupants were so openly amused that the conductor lost his temper. "Will ye get on or will ye not?" he thundered. "Get on? What else would I be doin', if ye'd only give me time?" Then she did condescend to "get on," and finally seated herself with a genial smile that embraced the entire company. "My," she remarked, "what a hurry we're in!

Shure, we have the day before us [it was six in the evening], and that young man rampagin' and clatterin' as if ould Nick was after him." I regret to say no one had the courage to continue the conversation, and so much valuable information on the ways and habits of "conducthors" was lost for ever.

It is in the tram-car that one often overhears delicious morsels of gossip, for we discuss our family affairs without the slightest particle of reserve. The following dialogue is reproduced so nearly as possible as it took place.

"Tis a fine day, Mrs. McCarthy."

"Tis indeed a fine day, thank God. And how's yourself to-day, ma'am?"

"Well, its only middlin' I am, but did ye hear that I've had James sick with me?"

"No then. I didn't. But what's the matther with him, the creature?"

"Well, he had an oppression on his chist [chest] an' he was gettin' that thin you'd think he'd been eating carogues [black-beetles] like the cats, so I sint for Dr. O'Connor and he sez 'tis consumption like he have. He sez to give him milk and cod-liver oil and have him be out in the air, but we're fair ruined with the expinse of it, an' him not earnin'."

"Glory be, but 'tis a hard world, an' as for expinse [here the speaker raised her eyes and her hands heavenwards and assumed a tragic pose that would not have disgraced a Siddons] shure 'tis I know what expinse is. Ye know Mary, don't ye?"

"Shure, of course, I do; who wouldn't know her?"

"Well, she had a quare kind of pain like, in her inside, and she was complainin' and gettin' thin like, an' seemed to be out of herself intirely, an' though I done all I could, she didn't get no better. An' thin wan night she was tuk mortal bad, and we sent Johnny running for Docthor O'Connor, an' he came an' 'Mrs. Tangney,' says

he, 'tis the index that ails your daughter.' An' thin he tould me how as only an operation coud do her any good. 'Sind her over to the Hospital to me,' sez he, 'for a week, an' I'll sind her back to ye as well as iver she was.' So be this and be that, we tuk a cab and carted her over to the Hospital, and she was there tin days no less."

"An' is she well agin, now?" enquired Mrs. McCarthy. A little jealousy was mingled with her sympathy, for the glory of an operation had never come in her way and she felt that Mrs. Tangney had marked a point.

"Faith, thin, she is," answered her friend, fully conscious of her superior position, "but what it cost me 'twould scare you to hear. Pounds an' pounds I paid for her. money to the docthor here, an' medicine there, an' nourishment to feed a regiment of dhragoons, chickens, an' milk an' God knows what beside. but," she added, triumphantly preparing to leave the car, "if I hadn't paid it, shure I wouldn't have her to the good, now"; and then she made a dramatic exit, leaving Mrs. McCarthy with humility and envy stamped on every curve of her ample form.

It must be confessed that we dearly love an illness; we revel in lurid details, minute descriptions, unspeakable incidents, and tragic climaxes. And above all we love local color; no pigments are too gaudy for our palettes, and we splash on crimsons and yellows, flaring greens and dazzling blues, with an artistic sense that scorns strict adherence to actual fact. To get an effect, that is our aim and object, and as most Irish people are born storytellers, we generally succeed. It did not interfere in the least with the flow of Mrs. Tangney's discourse that Dr. O'Connor, the soul of kindly good-nature, had performed the operation free of charge, and had even used his influence to get the patient into a free bed in the hospital. If Mrs. McCarthy

dared to put on airs about a mere cold, it was Mrs. Tangney's bounden duty to meet her on equal, or if possible superior terms. However, it must in truth be added that our intent is rarely to deceive; we are merely carried away by our artistic and dramatic instinct. Who so important in the street as Mrs. Mulvaney, whose husband is suffering from some remote disease with a name so awe-inspiring that the bravest among us dares not attempt it? And whose kitchen the rendezvous of neighbors, but hers? She is suddenly the centre of attraction; ghoul-like individuals come flitting to and fro, asking intimate questions, discussing the very latest development, and then with weary sighs and doleful waggings of heads volunteer the cheerful statement that "himself's mortal bad." Thenceforward they speak of the invalid in the past tense, and in a tone so sacred that Mrs. Mulvaney somehow feels slightly aggrieved when "himself" gets better after all. She has been cheated of something, she thinks vaguely; and so she has,—of the excitement and hysterical interest of a wake. That a wake has often been the means of spreading a bad epidemic is only *too* certain, but to deprive the people of it is to snatch a dinner from a hungry lion, so knitted into their lives has it become, so entirely a part of their thoughts, even of their very being, that to bury the dead unwaked is to commit a sacrilege beyond the power of description. In spite of all the vigilance of the authorities, time and again the body of a man or woman who has died of some highly infectious disease has been waked in a tiny kitchen, in which through all the long hours of a breathless night a mass of steaming humanity is packed, breathing the fetid poison-laden air, and going forth at dawn to spread infection like wildfire through village or town. Nowadays this is rarely possible; twenty years ago it was a common occurrence.

Needless to say a hurt or a wound must always be inspected by sympathizers. The excuses, apologies, shifts, which one has to conjure up at a moment's notice to escape ocular demonstration of the spoken word, are a liberal education in themselves, for the escape must be made with a good grace, the excuse must be valid, and no trumped-up thing through which any infant could see. The point is one on which we are very touchy, and yet it would be hard to believe that any one *could* wish to escape so inestimable a privilege. When, however, one day an old fish-wife boarded my tram-car and proceeded on rather original lines, the case was different. As usual she foregathered with a friend who sat near the door. They both exuded in very truth a most ancient and fish-like smell. Each wore a ragged shawl crossed over her ample front and tied in a knot behind; each affected a style of *coiffure* whose success depended solely on the half-hearted efforts of two hair-pins, and the main scheme of which necessitated the straying of several grizzled locks down a broad and shapeless back; each wore what had once been a blue serge skirt turned up and tied round, what in courtesy we will call, her waist; each had a dab petticoat, about which the less said the better, and each put a finishing touch to her costume with boots which might have proved an easy fit for the Irish Giant. It was rather a hot day. In a mad moment I had gone inside the car, being too lazy to ascend the steps to the top. There was not a breath of air save that which entered the door, and it, alas, paused on its way and gathered up unconsidered items of essences ere it reached me. To fly, meant to pass the lions in my path; how to get past those boots,—that was the problem. Ere I had solved it the voice of one, with a brogue of exquisite richness

and variety, arose to such an exceptional pitch that perforce I abandoned thoughts of escape. We had the ear to ourselves, but, honor to whom honor is due, had the bench of Bishops adorned it with their presence it would have made not the slightest difference.

" 'Tis the rheumatiz that's throublin' me. Not two nights gone, I was that bad that 'Paddy,' sez I to himself, 'tis dyin' I am! Bring me the priest,' I sez. 'Let me die aisly.'"

"Glory be!" came in a sepulchral tone from the lady opposite.

"Paddy gev wan lep out o' the bed, an' away he wint, and whin Father Cassidy came, I gev wan screech out o' me, the pain was that bad. 'Twas me leg was the worst! Look an' I'll show ye." A mighty foot was thrust out, and then began a fumbling at the petticoats,—but I waited for no more. With one wild dash I hurled myself between the two old ladies, tripped over the all-absorbing member, heard a smothered yell, and gained the outer air.

Bone-setters are now much less frequently met with than they used to be. They were endowed with special gifts which enabled them, with an absolute ignorance of anatomy, to set any and every breakable bone in the human body. Faith in them was absolute; they, like the King, could do no wrong, and, incredible as it may seem, I know myself of instances in which limbs set by a mere qualified doctor were afterwards broken again and reset by some tinker or smith, generally an itinerant, who having received his fee went on his way rejoicing. One blacksmith had an unrivalled reputation in the country, and so renowned was his skill that a leg (set by, and mending nicely under the care of, the dispensary doctor) had to be broken and set again by him before the sick man or his relations would believe recovery possible. One old woman treated in this way never

regained the use of her leg, while on the other hand many cases, in which no certified practitioner had any part, got well with marvellous rapidity. That the men were possessed of certain rude skill there can be no doubt, but whether the faith in their methods which held firm root in the hearts of the people was justified, it is difficult for those of the present generation to determine.

A few words about Paddy the Doctor may not inaptly conclude this sketch. He was born at Crosshaven in the County Cork on a Good Friday morning many years ago, and the priest told his mother that if he were christened between the first and second mass on Easter Sunday he would have power to cure all diseases. The conditions having been fulfilled Paddy grew up possessed of almost miraculous powers. To a certain knowledge of herbs and their uses he added the magic potency of charm and spell which no malady can resist, and soon his fame spread far and wide. With two complaints he was particularly successful, one being the "Evil" (King's Evil) and the other the "Farsee," (fancy) which only attacks horses. Once three men were sent to him as a deputation from County Waterford, begging him to return and heal the people there, and his mission was attended with wonderful results. It is some sixteen or seventeen years since Paddy was last heard of, but the following, which is his own prescription for the cure of the Evil, gives a very fair idea of his methods.

"You must take the first pup of the first litter, and divide him from the nose to the tail, split the tail too and then apply one half of the pup to the part affected. The patient can never stand it more than two hours, 'tis so fetching, but in troth 'tis a wonderful cure entirely!"

THE NEMESIS OF IMPERIALISM.

India has long been the brightest jewel in the case for Imperialism. In the Indian Government it is urged we have the best type of paternal administration. A vast population of three hundred millions of Asiatics of every grade of civilization, destitute of all sense of nationality, without internal cohesion, incapable of self-government, unable to defend themselves against any foreign invader, are protected, sheltered, and advanced in civilization by a handful of men drawn from a race more happily endowed by nature with the governing faculty. These men undergo exile and hardship for a modest pay and a scanty recognition. They administer with firmness and impartiality, and without a breath of corruption. Their government respects national character and traditional custom. It is a government of India, not indeed by Indians but, as far as possible, in accordance with Indian ideas, while at the same time it is an education in Western improvements. To the eye of the enthusiast there is no finer example of the protection and gradual elevation of a weaker and more backward race by one which is certainly stronger and perhaps higher.

This is one side of the picture; but there is, unhappily, another, which the facts have forced upon our view. We have not for the moment to enquire how far the idealized account which we have given is partial or one-sided. What we have to face is the reaction of the Indian system upon our own political ideas. Be it as good as it may, our Indian Government is a sheer bureaucracy, resting upon the sword; a bureaucracy as autocratic as that of Russia, as independent of the will of the governed, less indifferent, no doubt, to their likes and dislikes, but even more alien to their minds. The irony

of the situation in which Mr. Morley found himself last Monday is but an inevitable incident in the exercise of such a government by a free people, an irony which only reaches the superlative degree when the party whose special mission it is to maintain and develop freedom is in itself the depository of absolute power. We can almost feel the shiver which Mr. Morley must have experienced when he read the praise conferred upon him by the "Times" for his resolute action. We can sympathize with the feelings with which he defended the system of arbitrary arrest and deportation, and admire the frankness with which he admitted that a political prisoner could not so much as be brought to trial without stultifying the Government that arrested him. We do not blame Mr. Morley for his defence. We like its frankness, and we recognize, as all fair-minded men must recognize, that his action is an inevitable consequence of his position. Given an autocratic Government, the familiar machinery of suppression of meetings, muzzling of the Press, arbitrary arrest and deportation without trial, and indefinite imprisonment or restraint—all this well-known apparatus of Governments that dispense with the consent of the governed is inevitable as the sequence of any physical effect upon its cause. Government can be carried on without such machinery, but arbitrary government cannot. Still less can the Secretary of State, sitting in his office with thousands of miles of land and sea between him and India, take upon himself the responsibility of rejecting the advice of the officials on the spot. If the implements of arbitrary government are a necessary part of the stock in trade of any bureaucratic system, reliance upon the man on the spot is no less essential. The supreme chief of a

despotism is necessarily the subject of the lowest official who happens to be nearest to the scene of disturbance. A bureaucracy must support its own servants, for it has no one to rely upon outside them. Still less can a Secretary of State responsible to this country for the maintenance of order in a distant dependency, ignore the warnings of the men who are actually administering that dependency. When the responsible official warns his superior that grave disorders will follow if strong action is not taken, when he represents that unless one man is deported to-day, the soldiers will perhaps be shooting upon thirty or forty men next week, he virtually leaves his superior no choice. There are no tested channels of information by which his advice can be checked. There is no external authority to whom to appeal. The acting administrator, nominally servant, is in reality the master of the situation. Let those blame Mr. Morley who feel certain that in his position they would have taken upon themselves the responsibility of resisting the advice of the Administrator of the Punjab, backed by the authority of the Governor-General, while they looked forward to the possibility of serious riots which would have been attributed to their refusal to take the directions which their advisers had shown to be necessary.

One thing, however, the Liberal Party can fairly ask of Mr. Morley in this emergency. It is that he should take the House of Commons wholly into his confidence. If he is responsible to India for its tranquillity, he is also responsible to British Liberalism, to give a full account of the reasons which have induced a grave infringement of those elementary personal rights which Liberals are peculiarly bound to maintain. It is to be regretted that the thorough ventilation of the subject in the House of Commons has been obstructed by one of those block-

ing motions which in the last Government became a scandal, and which we had hoped had now been allowed to fall into desuetude. We trust that Mr. Morley, whose statements have lacked nothing in point of candor, will, with his characteristic courage and frankness open his mind to his friends in the House, and throw himself frankly upon their support. We could also wish that if the deportation of Mr. Laj Patral is irrevocable for the present, the other cases of detention or restraint to which Mr. Morley referred might be more carefully looked into. It is with something of a shock that one learns that there are people who have been in such detention since 1897, and even since 1891. There is surely some distinction between an arbitrary act of administrative authority, applied to meet a sudden emergency, and a prolonged exile, always without trial, which does not cease when the danger is past. Mr. Morley will do a service to the progress of liberal ideas in Indian administration if he should find himself able to restrict the power of administrative exile to the period of actual imminent danger.

It is not, however, by the sanction which he may give to such administrative measures as these in moments of emergency, that Mr. Morley's Indian administration will in the end be judged. As an Indian administrator, he will stand or fall by his success in dealing with the permanent grievances of the Indian people, and the standing causes of their estrangement. These are not to be removed by the deportation of an agitator or the silencing of press and platform. The most pressing grievances of the people are, no doubt, financial; and on this head it is satisfactory to note that a further reduction of taxation is recorded in the last Indian Budget, and this notwithstanding the loss of opium revenue which has been already experienced.

and which must be increased by the just and courageous policy adopted by Mr. Morley in relation to the opium traffic. In his offer to the Chinese Government, Mr. Morley took a great step towards removing a blot upon our Indian Empire; and it must not be forgotten by his critics that that step, absolutely dictated as it was by requirements of international justice, only increases his difficulties in dealing with Indian finance.

But there is a deeper and more difficult question than that of taxation, which Mr. Morley has to tackle. We are beyond doubt forcing an open door when we urge upon him the desirability of devising means of modifying our present autocratic rule, and making a beginning in the work of associating the Indian people themselves in the task of government. The conception of the Oriental as a passive being, who has nothing to do with the laws except to obey them, or with the taxes except to pay them, that conception which underlies the idealist's picture of our Indian Government, is rapidly ceasing to be true. We ourselves have educated the native of India in European ideas. By our own doing, he knows that we are meting out to him the justice which, for two centuries, we have repudiated on our own account. There is a ferment in Asia, the European leaven has begun to work. In India, men begin to ask about the cost of this Government which we extol; about the value to them of the army which we maintain and for which they have to pay. Just as the effects of education were beginning to be felt, and the new ideas were spreading, there came the reactionary administration of Lord Curzon, the lectures of the Viceroy on the mendacity of his subjects, and the partition of Bengal, which was aimed directly at the growing power of the more educated na-

tives. To the shock of this reaction, Sir Henry Cotton traces the present unrest. The course of Indian progress was rudely threatened under the old administration, and here as elsewhere a Liberal ruler has to deal with the situation created for him by his predecessors.

But he can deal with it only on Liberal lines. Men who are, after all, ventilating the grievances and the fears of unrepresented millions cannot permanently be met with police notices suppressing their meetings or closing their newspaper offices. They can be met only, in the end, by imposing upon them a share in the responsibility. By what gradual steps to initiate them into the work is one of the most difficult problems ever set to a statesman; and we fully understand Mr. Morley when he says that the present disturbances can only complicate the solution, and postpone the day of reform. Yet, if Liberalism is not to admit its bankruptcy, reform must go forward; repression may have its way for a week or a month, it may serve to allay a riot and avoid the effusion of blood; but repression, as none know better than Mr. Morley, is no cure for a social disease. We would say rather that it is the method by which political disorder propagates itself from one country to another, for every time that we deny justice to an Indian subject we weaken the authority of justice among ourselves. We lower our authority as advocates of freedom in the councils of Europe, and as Liberals we impair the force of our pleas for freedom in our own country. We wish liberty for India, not merely for the sake of India, but for the sake of England. For, say what we may of the innate difference between European and Oriental, no man can deny a right in one continent without marring the eloquence wherewith he pleads for it in another.

THE ART OF BEING POOR.

An amusing discussion has been going on in the *Westminster Gazette* about "Life on £85 per Annum." Can a single woman, brought up in the cultivated class, live a civilized and happy life on less than two pounds a week? The actual question affects a small number of persons, but it suggests some larger issues. It is wretched to be really poor, if by poverty we mean want. But quite apart from all questions of hardship, of hunger, or cold, or constant fear of destitution, it is not pleasant to be much poorer than our neighbors. Yet there are those who support this comparative evil with positive grace, even though they have a family dependent upon them. They have acquired the art of being poor, and it is an acquirement which presupposes many qualities and much study.

Of course there are a few people belonging to the cultivated classes who like being poor. Art has nothing to do with the matter. They are, so to speak, poor by nature. They would not stretch out their hands to get a fortune. They do not care for the good things which money brings. They feel more free without them. They are bothered by possessions, fettered by luxury. Conventional well-to-do existence seems to them as a sort of cage out of which one can only get through the mediation of dependents. They give orders with a secret effort, and receive deference with a secret shame. The network of laws which support a graded society, and the outlines of which, blurred by English common-sense, seldom obtrude themselves upon the notice of the ordinary Englishman, disfigure for them the landscape of life. They long to get out of sight of them,

and in that moderate degree of poverty which imposes simplicity and precludes anxiety they are always most at their ease. Those, however, whom nature designed to be rich, whom fate placed among the well-to-do, and sheer necessity alone forces to study how best to be poor are not as these. They do not follow an inclination; they accomplish a task. Some power of self-suppression is necessary to them, and some power to suppress others is at least convenient.

As we look around us among our acquaintance we shall all admit that we know a good many people who have been very much embittered by comparative poverty, while many others on the same income are very happy. It is impossible not sometimes to feel that the troubles of the first are, at least, in a measure of their own making. It is not true that they made at the very outset an initial mistake. They decided to look upon themselves as poor rich-people instead of taking an entirely opposite point of view and considering themselves rich poor-people. They drew a false line between luxury and necessity, and consequently they have no luxuries at all. They forget that the only really rich man is the man who has something to spare, and the only really poor man is the one who has nothing over. It is almost impossible but that a poor man who regulates his standard of life by that of his richer neighbors should feel some envy. It is very hard to see some one else doing so easily and so well that which we with so much struggle are doing so badly. Consequently one great source of pleasure is shut to these poor rich-people,—i.e., pleasure in other people's pleasure. The light, de-

licious atmosphere of success which they might breathe among their friends is tainted for them by jealousy, and the perpetual sense of an unfair handicap. The man, on the other hand, whom we may call the rich poor-man can stay with his most opulent friend and be perfectly happy. He lives at home as he lives abroad—after different fashions—at his ease. No doubt it takes some courage to disregard the conventional ways of life and determine to be unlike one's neighbors. It means the greatest of all the evidences of self-control, the power to break with habit. It means the rarest of all social qualities, social independence. It means, to be quite candid, the power to exact, on other scores than money, that regard and politeness which, cloak the fact as we will, money brings mechanically under our present social system. Certain advantages of birth and upbringing are no doubt in these particulars substitutes for money, and those who have them smile at the hesitation of less fortunate people who fear to give up these intangible concomitants of a particular way of living. We are all apt to smile at discomforts which can by no possibility be ours, and to see them, especially when they are connected with grade or cast, through a "satiric medium," whereby sympathy is effectually sterilized.

But though men and women who find themselves suddenly poor, or who awake in middle life to the fact that an income which used to increase year by year has reached its highest point and is beginning to go down, have many hard lessons to learn, they try, if they are destined to become proficient, not to take the situation too seriously. It is not by determined renunciation, but by determined enjoyment, that the art of being poor is brought to perfection. They consider how best to dispose their energy for enjoyment so as to bring an outlet for it within their means. They

seek diligently for the kernel of happiness within the husk of pleasure, and, as a rule, they find the kernel is the cheaper part. After all, how many of the delights which money alone used to buy can now be had for next to nothing. Books are within the reach of all. Such libraries as millionaires could not buy offer the treasures of their knowledge for nothing. Of course one does not need to be learned in order to make the best of being poor, but hardly any one is happy nowadays without books. Those who regard reading merely as a pastime need never be in want of the newest novel. The finest treasures of art are open to the sight of all. Any one who desires can hear music; any one can see plays. As to the pleasures of social intercourse, they reduce themselves, when our earliest youth is over, to the pleasures of conversation, and to get all the pleasure out of talk that can be got is certainly a great part of the art of being poor, and it is the easiest part to cultivate. The soul of all outdoor sports is to be found in the love of Nature and the love of exercise, and both these delights are within the grasp of comparatively poor people. It is one of the strangest things in life how few people have settled in their own minds what it is they really want, or who will take the trouble to be happy. "I have often thought how much I should like to do so-and-so," we hear people say, and nine times out of ten it is something they could very easily have done, only they always put it off. Where the cultivated poor feel the pinch of poverty, and where no art avails them anything, is in the matter of health. The really poor man can have the most complicated, dangerous, and longest of operations performed at a hospital as well as it could be performed upon Royalty in a palace. The poor gentleman is in a very different position. "But doctors are so kind," we

hear some one say. No doubt that is true; but to accept kindness is not always easy, and to ask it is seldom possible. Paying wards and systems of insurance will mitigate the evil in the end, but at present it is a crying one.

Given health, almost all the sources of happiness enjoyed by the wealthy man are now within the grasp of his cousin on a small professional income, only the poor man must make rather more effort to lay hold on them. If he wants to be socially popular, he must allow himself fewer lapses into grumpiness, and must make a greater effort not to be bored or opinionated. He must expect to be judged on his merits alone, and sought for nothing but his company. He must brace himself to go in search of those opportunities of enjoyment which the rich man finds at his hand. What is perhaps

hardest of all, he must be content to let his children have only the essentials of a good education, without the conventional stamp. Nothing is so dear as conventionalism. Learning is cheap and play is not expensive, but public schools are prohibitive for a poor man with several sons. All departures from the usual are attended with increased consciousness of risk; but luckily these departures, when prompted by necessity, appear to be more often attended by good results than those undertaken for the sake of experiment. The comparatively poor man will never be able to forget that nothing is to be had for nothing; but as we watch the careers of those who have succeeded in the art we have been considering, we shall perforce admit that out of their extra trouble springs an extra vitalization, an extra capacity for happiness.

The Spectator.

THE MYSTERY OF THE CUCKOO.

Some years ago when the bracken ferns were, just as they are now, unfolding their crozier-like stems towards summer maturity, the writer was passing late in the evening along the more secluded parts of a Surrey common. Advancing suddenly through some thick cover on to a narrow island of short turf, he disturbed two brown birds, just smaller than pigeons, which were instantly recognized. They flew uneasily away. On the turf where one of the birds had been seated lay an egg rather under the size of a blackbird's and mottled somewhat after the same fashion. It was quite warm and had certainly just been laid. It was a cuckoo's egg, and the mother had evidently intended to dispose of it in the remarkable fashion which is now known to be the habit of the bird.

As spring advances into early summer there is enacted every year throughout the land the drama of the cuckoo. There is not one of the habits of this strange bird which has not been so much a matter of doubt as to become the subject of the warmest controversy. But its life history has now been well worked out, and many observers have, like the writer, followed the creature through all the stages of its habits from the egg onwards. The cry of the cuckoo as it is heard in the land at this season is undoubtedly a mating call. Each of the instincts of the cuckoo forms but part of a single study, and the first noteworthy peculiarity of the bird when it visits us in the mating season is that the males greatly outnumber the females. While it has been known from time imme-

morial that the cuckoo builds no nest, it was until recently supposed that she laid her egg in the nest of the bird chosen as the foster-parent. It has been found, however, that the mother-bird as a rule lays her egg on the ground and carries it in her bill to the chosen nest afterwards. One of the characteristics of the cuckoo is that she is continually on the move, and eggs are possibly laid at various places in the stages of her migration. The young cuckoos which are found in the nest in this country usually have had their foster-parents chosen for them by the mother-bird with an instinct which is remarkable in its consequences. The foster-parent is nearly always insectivorous. Birds which feed on hard vegetable seeds, like the town sparrow, are scarcely ever chosen. The soft insect feeders, like the hedge-sparrow and reed-warbler, are on the contrary great favorites, and this despite the great disproportion in size between the little foster-parent and the huge cuckoo progeny.

The young cuckoo of a few days old, as it sits in the nest—completely overshadowing it—of a small bird like a hedge sparrow, is one of the most extraordinary sights in Nature. The young creature, which soon becomes most uncannily tame and familiar, opens its mouth for food at the slightest movement. Its gape is remarkably wide, and all the inner parts of the mouth are of the deepest orange color, the whole appearance being quite unlike that of any other young bird. This yellow gape, which is a striking spectacle, even to the human observer, appears to exercise a kind of fascination on the foster-parents. They are driven to a kind of frenzy to keep it supplied with food. It clamors ceaselessly for more and more. One which the writer assisted in bringing up enlisted the whole household in the continued service of its wants. It was by com-

mon consent known as Oliver Twist, and never was a name better deserved. The kind of appeal which the bird made in every movement to those around it to be taken care of was a very evident and taking characteristic, and it no doubt proves a potent quality in its wild state in securing the devotion of its foster-parents.

A very short acquaintance with the young cuckoo in real life soon convinces the observer that the well-known habit by which it obtains for itself the sole care of its foster-parents is neither accidental nor superfluous. It is absolutely essential to its existence. The foster-parents being nearly always insect-feeders, and therefore much smaller than itself, any rival or nest-fellow would be impossible. Not so long ago writers of such experience as Mr. Seeböhm seemed inclined to throw doubt on many of the tales of the young cuckoo's murderous disposition towards its fellow nestlings. There can, however, be no question as to the instinct which drives the young cuckoo to swiftly and effectively get rid of the young birds with which it at first shares the nest. All the deliberate acts which culminate in the ejection of the other birds have been observed again and again. Very soon after the young cuckoo is hatched out it begins to exhibit a curiously irritable and restless disposition. It will try to get underneath anything that is placed in the nest, pieces of wood, lumps of earth, or any eggs that may be placed with it. It tries to get all objects between its shoulders, and it will then climb backwards up the side of the nest until it is able to hitch them over the edge. Its fellow nestlings are commonly disposed of as early as the second day, and if there are eggs and young birds in the nest at the same time it puts both over the edge indiscriminately.

There can be little doubt that the

clue to the mystery of the habits of the cuckoo is the difficulty the bird finds in obtaining a sufficiency of its proper food. The instinct which prompts the young bird to throw its competitors out of the nest must evidently go very deep down in the nature and structure of the bird. But so also evidently must numerous other peculiarities which are equally significant of the severity of the struggle which the cuckoo has to maintain its place. Every egg collector knows how exceptional is the cuckoo's egg in the remarkable variations to which it is subject, both in size and in markings. All other birds have eggs of a certain average size or a certain color. Not so the cuckoo. It can hardly be said with truth of the cuckoo's egg that it has any particular size or any particular color. In size the eggs of various cuckoos vary in the most bewildering fashion from the size of a house-sparrow's egg to that of a sparrow-hawk. It is the same as regards coloring. They are often mottled—gray mottled, brown mottled, and green mottled. But they have also been found pure white, green, gray, and blue. The explanation of this peculiarity in the cuckoo's egg cannot be far to seek. Birds will throw out of their nests strange-looking eggs or eggs larger than their own. In the long effort of the cuckoo to provide its young with suitable insect-feeding foster-parents, nearly always smaller than itself, there must have been much weeding out of unsuitable sizes and colorings. It is the opinion of many keen observers that the effects of the struggle for life

on the cuckoo have, in consequence, here also gone very deep.

The cuckoo which has been brought up in a hedge-sparrow's nest because the egg from which it originated so closely resembled that of its foster-parents as to pass scrutiny, will tend itself to lay in the nest of the same species of bird and so transmit the peculiarities of its egg. Hence it is held that the family of cuckoos tends to be split up into a number of sub-varieties, each of which inclines to be parasitic on the species of bird in whose nest it lays. All observations of the habits of the cuckoo agree in one particular. They point to the extreme difficulty with which the bird maintains itself. Any one who has seen a tame cuckoo in the autumn at the season of migration standing apparently at rest, and yet with every muscle of its wings tense or quivering with the instinct of flight, will realize what extraordinary distances the species has to cover in its seasonal migrations after suitable food. Hence the great preponderance of males over females to make the mating process easier during flight; hence the instinct of the mother bird which tells her she cannot stay to build a nest; hence the remarkable peculiarities of the eggs directed to give the eggs themselves the best chance in the nests into which they must be dropped. And hence also the extraordinary instinct of the young bird which at the very beginning of its career leads it to feel that it can tolerate no rival or competitor in maintaining its precarious hold on life.

The Outlook.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

The conclusions reached in Professor Clarence Augustine Beckwith's volume, "Realities of Christian Theology," dedicated to Bangor and Chicago Theological Seminaries, are in harmony with the known trend of thought in those two schools, in the latter of which the writer now holds the chair of Systematic Theology. Designed as a fresh interpretation of Christian experience in terms of modern intelligence, placing unqualified reliance upon psychology as revealing the laws of consciousness, upon ethics as disclosing the ideal to be realized in personality, and upon evolution as the constant method of the divine action in nature and in human historical life, and aiming to be constructive rather than controversial, it will be found admirably adapted to its purpose. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

In "Through the Eye of the Needle," Mr. W. D. Howells takes up the story dropped some ten or twelve years ago, and relates the experiences of his "Traveller from Altruria" upon leaving the summer-hotel where we first met him and going to New York to study conditions there under the tutelage of the sprightly Mrs. Makely. In the present volume, the story is told by letters—in the first series, written by the Altrurian himself to a friend in that happy island; in the second, by the American whom he marries to her friend in America. Part First gives Mr. Howells abundant opportunity for satire of characteristic quality, in which his description of the modern apartment house, the up-to-date Thanksgiving dinner, and, incidentally, the amused-but-indulgent husband, will be particularly appreciated. In Part

Second, the outlines of Altrurian principles given in the earlier book are filled in with details of every-day practice as seen by a feminine observer, and the introduction of a yachtful of shipwrecked Americans is used to produce a succession of effective contrasts. None of our American writers has been a more consistent preacher of the gospel of good-will and fellowship than Mr. Howells, and his presentation of social ideals is especially welcome for that reason. Harper & Brothers.

The average American contemporary essayist is such a bundle of affectations as sorely tries Christian charity. As a rule, he considers himself a Lamb, and thanks Heaven that he is not savage, like Poe or Mr. Swinburne; or sensible, in Bagehot's sledge-hammer fashion. If able, with the assistance of the Familiar Bartlett, and a Concordance, and old Burton, to quote many authors, he permits one to see that he fancies that Montaigne faces him in his mirror, and altogether he is such an one that when he writes a book one buys one by some English author, for the Englishman can write essays. So could the old-fashioned American who had pastured on his natural food of the elder essayists, but the later American has almost lost the trick. In this condition of affairs Mr. Arthur Stanwood Pier's "The Young in Heart" is a real benefaction. Here is an author entirely indifferent on the point of resembling some classic model, and yet a respecter of customs, with no eccentricity to advertise, no apparent wish for aught but brisk discussion of his chosen subject. The eight which he has selected: The Young in Heart, Lawn Tennis, Work

and Play. The Smoking Room, Cynicism, The Quiet Man, In Swimming, Brawn and Character, do not in the least assort; they are merely subjects on which he has something to say, and he says it honestly, with no effort to be any one but himself, and thus he makes a book to delight all but the egotist. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

"As the Hague Ordains" is so admirably imagined that one closes it with virtuous satisfaction, firmly convinced that one has learned something of Russia and of Russian feeling. The heroine, a Russian, partly English by descent, goes to Japan early in the war to nurse her husband, a captive Russian officer. She has lived in the United States, in England, in Rome, and in Japan, and has an open and impartial mind. Her Russian acquaintances call her "Japansk"; her Japanese friends wonder at her just appreciation of their words, acts, and motives, and she becomes an invaluable element in the life of the strange little Matsuyama community of prisoners, guards, interpreters, Red Cross nurses, and Japanese outsiders. Her woful wrath over the inefficiency of certain Russian officers; her dark hints of St. Petersburg tragedies and intrigues; her affectionate compassion for the Russian sovereigns; her vast contempt for the Grand Dukes Cyril and Serge; her sympathetic admiration of really patriotic Russians and enjoyment of the love affair which she fosters in the war prison; and her unselfish devotion to others make her a rare heroine. Such fiction as the Russo-Japanese war has hitherto produced has been violently partisan, and almost without exception Japanese in sympathy, and this book instantly takes rank as far above anything preceding it and worthy to be classed

with the best fiction of the Franco-German war. Henry Holt & Co.

In size, scope, detail, number and variety of characters, length of period covered, construction, and style, "Alice-for-Short" reminds the reader strikingly of Dickens, and it is high praise for Mr. William De Morgan to say that the comparison does not instantly place him at a disadvantage. Real with the intense reality of Dickens at his best, his characters certainly are not, but for his second-best they might easily be mistaken. The irresistible touches of low comedy, the confidential asides to the reader, the long, lazy paragraphs which cumber the narrative and yet grow to seem essential to its fascination, are all quite in the master's own manner. Alice-for-short, a quaint little damsel of six, makes her first appearance with a broken-beer-jug in her hand, and Mr. Charley, the well-to-do, would-be artist whose affected Bohemianism furnishes the setting of the story, rescues her from the rage of a thirsty mother. At the end of five hundred and fifty pages, Alice-for-short is a lovable young woman of twenty-five, and Mr. Charley a sadder man by reason of the wisdom which a manœuvring model has taught him. Between lies an intricate sequence of episodes—each with individuality and flavor of its own—in which Mr. Charley's sisters and brothers from Hyde Park play their part with his Soho friends, and with the nondescript group of acquaintances brought upon the scene by the model. The element of supernaturalism is adroitly introduced into the story, linking its mid-Victorian fortunes with those of a century earlier. The success of so unusual a venture as this of Mr. De Morgans will be an interesting test of the taste of our time. Henry Holt & Co.